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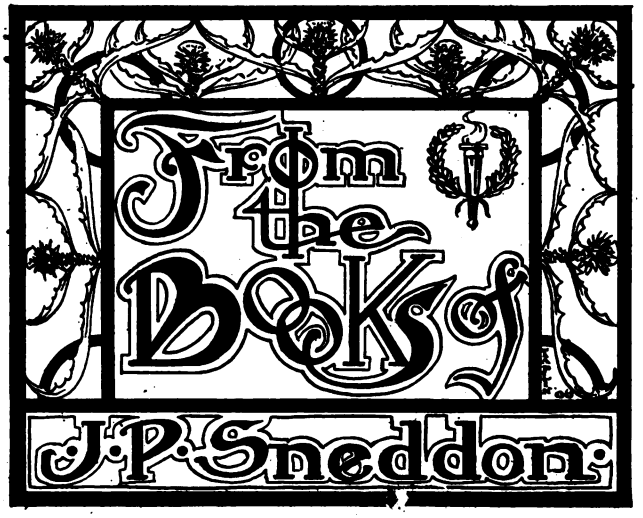
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The Works of

Uliam Shakespeare

Volume XIV

King Lear

The Tempest

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THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

Preface.

The Early Editions. Two Quarto editions of *King Lear* appeared in the year 1608, with the following title-pages:—(i.) "M. William Shak-speare: | HIS | True Chronicle Historie of the life and | death of King LEAR and his three Daughters. | *With the unfortunate life of* Edgar, *fonne* | and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his | sullen and assumed humor of | TOM of Bedlam: | *As io was played before the Kings Maieftie at Whitehall vpon* | *S.* Stephans *night in Chriftmas Hollidayes.* | By his Maiesties Seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe | on the Banck-fide. [Device.] LONDON, | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be sold at his fhop in *Pauls* | Church-yard at the figne of the Pide Bull neere | St. Auftins Gate, 1608."

(ii.) The title of the Second Quarto is almost identical with that of (i.), but the device is different, and there is no allusion to the shop "at the signe of the Pide Bull."

It is now generally accepted that the "Pide Bull" Quarto is the first edition of the play, but the question of priority depends on the minutest of bibliographical criteria, and the Cambridge editors were for a long time misled in their chronological order of the Quartos (*vide* Cambridge editors' Preface, pp. v.-ix.); the problem is complicated by the fact that no two of the extant six copies of the First Quarto are exactly alike;* they differ in

* Capell's copy; the Duke of Devonshire's; the British Museum's two copies; the Bodleian two copies.

having one, two, three, or four, uncorrected sheets. The Second Quarto was evidently printed from a copy of the First Quarto, having three uncorrected sheets. A reprint of this edition, with many additional errors, appeared in 1655.

The Folio edition of the play was derived from an independent manuscript, and the text, from a typographical point of view, is much better than that of the earlier editions; but it is noteworthy that some two hundred and twenty lines found in the Quartos are not found in the Folio, while about fifty lines in the Folio are wanting in the Quartos.*

Much has been written on the discrepancies between the two versions; among modern investigations perhaps the most important are those of (i.) Delius and (ii.) Koppel; according to (i), "in the Quartos we have the play as it was originally performed before King James, and before the audience of the Globe, but sadly marred by misprints, printers' sophistications, and omissions, perhaps due to an imperfect and illegible MS. In the Folio we have a later MS. belonging to the Theatre, and more nearly identical with what Shakespeare wrote. The omissions of the Quartos are the blunders of the printers; the omissions of the Folios are the abridgements of the actors;" according to (ii.), "it was Shakespeare's own hand that cut out many of the passages both in the Quarto text and the Folio text. . . . The *original* form was, essentially, that of the Quarto, then followed a *longer* form, *with the additions in the Folio*, as substantially *our modern editions have again restored*

* To the latter class belong I. ii. 119-124; I. iv. 345-356; III. i. 22-29; III. ii. 79-95; to the former, I. iii. 17-23; I. iv. 154-169, 252-256; II. ii. 148-151; III. vi. 18-59, 109-122; III. vii. 98-107; IV. i. 60-66; IV. ii. 31-50, 53-59, 62-69; IV. vii. 88-95; V. i. 23-28; V. iii. 54-59; V. iii. 204-221. *Vide* Prætorius' facsimiles of Quarto 1 and Quarto 2; Vietor's Parallel Text of Quarto 1 and Folio 1 (Marburg, 1886), Furness' Variorum, *etc.*

them; then the shortest form, as it is preserved for us in the Folio."*

It seems probable that the quarto represents a badly printed revised version of the orginal form of the play, specially prepared by the poet for performance at Court, whereas the folio is the actors' abridged version. It seems hardly possible to determine the question more definitely.

Tate's Version. For more than a century and a half, from the year 1680 until the restoration of Shakespeare's tragedy at Covent Garden in 1838, Tate's per-version of *Lear* held the stage,† delighting audiences with "the Circumstances of Lear's Restoration, and the virtuous Edgar's Alliance with the amiable Cordelia." It was to this acting-edition that Lamb referred in his famous criticism, "Tate has put his hook into the nostrils of this leviathan for Garrick and his followers," *etc.* Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and other great actors were quite content with this travesty, but "the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted."

The Date of Composition. The play of *King Lear* may safely be assigned to the year 1605:—(i.) According to an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated 26th November, 1607, it was "played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon S. Stephens' night at Christmas last," *i.e.* on the twenty-sixth of December 1606; (ii.) the names of Edgar's devils, and many of the allusions in Act III. Sc. iv. were evidently derived from Harsnett's *Declaration*

* Delius' Essay appeared originally in the German Shakespeare Society Year-Book X.; and was subsequently translated into English (*New. Shak. Soc. Trans.* 1875-6).

Dr. Koppel's investigations are to be found in his *Text-Kritische Studien uber Richard III. u. King Lear* (Dresden, 1877). A *resumé* of the various theories is given in Furness' edition, pp. 359-373.

† *Vide* Furness, pp. 467-478.

of Egregious Popish Impostures, which was first published in 1603; (iii.) the substitution of "*British man*" for "*Englishman*" in the famous nursery-rhyme (Act III. Sc. iv. 189) seems to point to a time subsequent to the Union of England and Scotland under James I.; the poet Daniel in a congratulatory address to the King (printed in 1603) wrote thus:—

> "O thou mightie state,
> Now thou art all *Great Britain*, and no more,
> No *Scot*, no *English* now, nor no debate;" *

(iv.) the allusions to the "late eclipses" (I. ii. 112, 148, 153) have been most plausibly referred to the great eclipse of the sun, which took place in October, 1605, and this supposition is borne out by the fact that John Harvey's *Discoursive Problems concerning Prophesies*, printed in 1588, actually contains a striking prediction thereof (hence the point of Edmund's comment, "*I am thinking of a prediction I read this other day*," etc.); perhaps, too, there is a reference to the Gunpowder Plot in Gloucester's words, "*machinations*, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves."

The Sources of the Plot. The story of "Leir, the son of Balderd, ruler over the Britaynes, in the year of the world 3105, at what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda," was among the best-known stories of British history. Its origin must be sought for in the dim world of Celtic legend, or in the more remote realm of simple nature-myths,† but its place in literature dates from Geoffrey of

* It is noteworthy that in IV. vi. 256 the Folio reads "*English*," where the Quartos have "*British*."

† According to some Celtic folk-lorists, "Lir" = Neptune; the two cruel daughters = the rough Winds; Cordelia = the gentle Zephyr. I know no better commentary on the tempestuous character of the play; Shakespeare has unconsciously divined the germ of the myth.

Monmouth's Latin history of the Britons, *Historia Britonum*, composed about 1130, based in all probability on an earlier work connected with the famous name of Nennius, though Geoffrey alleges his chief authority was "an ancient British book." To the *Historia Britonum* we owe the stories of Leir, Gorboduc, Locrine; there, too, we find rich treasures of Arthurian romance. Welsh, French, and English histories of Britain were derived, directly or indirectly, from this Latin history. The first to tell these tales in English verse was Layamon, son of Leovenath, priest of Arley Regis, in Worcestershire, on the right bank of the Severn, who flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and whose English *Brut* was based on Wace's French *Gestes des Bretons*—a versified translation of Geoffrey's history. At the end of the century the story figures again in Robert of Gloucester's Metrical Chronicle; in the fourteenth century Robert of Brunne, in the fifteenth John Hardyng, re-told in verse these ancient British stories. In the sixteenth century we have Warner's *Albion's England* —the popular metrical history of the period; we have also the prose chronicles of Fabyan, Rastell, Grafton, and over and above all, Holinshed's famous *Historie of England*;* the story of *Leir* is to be found in all these books. Three versions of the tale at the end of the sixteenth century show that the poetical possibilities of the subject were recognised before Shakespeare set thereon the stamp of his genius†:—(i.) in the *Mirour for Magistrates* "Queene Cordila" tells her life's "tragedy," how "in dispaire" she slew herself "the year before Christ, 800"; (ii.) Spenser, in Canto X. of the Second Book of the *Faery Queene*, summarises, in half a dozen stanzas,

*In Camden's *Remains* the "Lear" story is told of the West-Saxon King Ina; in the *Gesta Romanorum* Theodosius takes the place of King Lear.

†The ballad of *King Leir, and his three Daughters* (*vide* Percy's *Reliques*) is, in all probability, later than Shakespeare's play.

the story of "Cordelia"—this form of the name, used as a variant of "Cordeill" for metrical purposes, occurring here for the first time; the last stanza may be quoted to illustrate the closing of the story in the pre-Shakespearian versions:—

"So to his crown she him restor'd again
In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,
And after will'd it should to her remain;
Who peacefully the same long time did weld,
And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
Till that her sister's children woxen strong
Through proud ambition, against her rebell'd,
And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herself she hong";

(iii.) of special interest, however, is the pre-Shakespearian drama, which was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company as early as 1594 under the title of "*The moste famous Chronicle historye of* LEIRE, *Kinge of England, and his Three Daughters,*" but evidently not printed till the year 1605, when perhaps its publication was due to the popularity of the newer Chronicle History on the same subject; "The | True Chronicle Hi | story of King LEIR | and his three | daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. | As it hath bene divers and sundry | times lately acted. | LONDON | printed | by Simon Stafford for John | Wright, and are to bee sold at his shop at | Christes Church dore, next Newgate- | Market, 1605."*

It is noteworthy that the play was entered in the Registers on the 8th of May as "the *tragicall* historie of Kinge Leir," though the play is anything but a "tragedy"—its ending is a happy one. It looks, indeed, as though the original intention of the publishers was to palm off their "*Leir*" as identical with the great tragedy of the day.

* *Vide* "Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his Measure for Measure," *etc.*; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, etc.; an abstract of the play is given by Furness, pp. 393-401.

But however worthless it may seem when placed in juxtaposition with "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world,"* yet this less ambitious and humble production is not wholly worthless, if only for "a certain childlike sweetness" in the portraiture of "faire Cordella,"

> *"Myrrour of vertue, Phœnix of our age!*
> *Too kind a daughter for an unkind father!"*

It may be pronounced a very favourable specimen of the popular '*comedies*' of the period to which it belonged (*circa* 1592), with its conventional classicism, its characteristic attempts at humour, its rhyming couplets; like so many of its class, it has caught something of the tenderness of the Greenish drama, and something—rather less—of the aspiration of the Marlowan.† "With all its defects," says Dr. Ward, "the play seems only to await the touch of a powerful hand to be converted into a tragedy of supreme effectiveness; and while Shakespeare's genius nowhere exerted itself with more transcendent

* Shelley, *Defence of Poetry*, Essays, etc., 1840, p. 20.

† Here are a few lines—perhaps 'the salt of the old play'—by way of specimen:—[the Gallian king is wooing Cordella disguised as a Palmer].

> "*King.* Your birth 's too high for any but a king.
> *Cordella.* My mind is low enough to love a palmer,
> Rather than any king upon the earth.
> *King.* O, but you never can endure their life,
> Which is so straight and full of penury.
> *Cordella.* O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
> I 'll hold thy palmer's staff within my hand,
> And think it is the sceptre of a queen.
> Sometime I 'll set thy bonnet on my head
> And think I wear a rich imperial crown.
> Sometime I 'll help thee in thy holy prayers,
> And think I am with thee in Paradise.
> Thus I 'll mock fortune, as she mocketh me.
> And never will my lovely choice repent;
> For having thee, I shall have all content."

force and marvellous versatility, it nowhere found more promising materials ready to its command."*

Yet Shakespeare's debt to the old play was of the slightest, and some have held that he may not even have read it, but in all probability he derived therefrom at least a valuable hint for the character of Kent, whose prototype Perillus is by no means unskillfully drawn; perhaps, too, the original of the steward Oswald is to be found in the courtier Scaliger; again it is noteworthy that messengers with incriminating letters play an important part in the earlier as in the later drama; and possibly the first rumblings of the wild storm-scene of '*Lear*' may be heard in the mimic thunder which in '*Leir*' strikes terror in the heart of the assassin hired to murder king and comrade—"the parlosest old men that ere he heard."

There is in the "Chronicle History" no hint of the underplot of *Lear*, the almost parallel story of Gloster and Edmund, whereby Shakespeare subtly emphasies the leading *motif* of the play; the vague original thereof is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book II. pp. 133-158, ed. 1598), ("*the pitifull state and story of the Paphlagonian vnkinde king, and his kind sonne, first related by the son, then by the blind father*").

Duration of Action. The time of the play, according to Mr. Daniel (*vide Transactions of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877-79), covers ten days, distributed as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii. *An interval of something less than a fortnight.* *Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iii., iv. *Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. iii., iv.; Act III. Sc. i-vi. *Day* 6, Act III. Sc. vii.; Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. ii. Perhaps an *interval* of a day or two. *Day* 8, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 9, Act IV. Sc. iv., v., vi. *Day* 10, Act IV. Sc. vii.; Act V. Sc. i.-iii.

"The longest period, including intervals, that can be allowed for this play is one month; though perhaps little more than three weeks is sufficient."

* *History of English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. I., p. 126.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Lear, King of Britain, being desirous of escaping the cares of state on account of advancing years, determines to portion out his kingdom among his three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. In his old age he craves expressions of his daughters' affection. Both Goneril and Regan make most eloquent protestations of their love; and the delighted monarch forthwith bestows on each a third of his kingdom. But Cordelia, disgusted with such lip-service, will not please her father by like avowals, but promises only to love him according to her duty. Lear, enraged, takes away her moiety of the realm and divides it between Goneril and Regan. The Earl of Kent interposes on behalf of Cordelia, and is himself banished. Though dowerless, Cordelia's hand is sought and obtained by the King of France.

It is not long before Lear discovers that he has been disappointed in his estimate of the two elder daughters. By agreement, he had reserved nothing more than the title of king, and a retinue of one hundred knights. He was to spend alternately a month at the courts of Goneril and Regan.

II. They, however, reduce the size of his train and drive him into open rupture with them.

III. Finally, after a passionate scene, the old king betakes himself to the desolate heath on a stormy night, where he braves the fury of the elements. He is accompanied by the two remaining retainers of his Court—

his jester and the Earl of Kent, who has returned from banishment to serve him in disguise. The three take refuge in a hovel, where they encounter a supposed madman—Edgar, the disguised son of the Earl of Gloucester, who has been supplanted in his father's affections by his natural half-brother, Edmund. Lear's mind becomes unbalanced. In his extremity the Earl of Gloucester ministers to him. The treacherous Edmund informs Regan and Goneril of the kindness, and Cornwall, Regan's husband, tears out Gloucester's eyes.

IV. Shortly after, while being led in his blindness on the heath, Gloucester is met and recognized by his disowned son Edgar, who, unknown to his father, takes him under his protection and cures Gloucester of his suicidal mania.

Meanwhile, Cordelia, learning through Kent of her sisters' treachery and the ensuing plight of her father, comes to his relief with a French army. She nurses him, and endeavors to restore him to sanity.

V. A battle is fought between Cordelia's French troops, and the English forces under the command of Edmund, who holds equivocal relations towards both Goneril and Regan. Cordelia's army is defeated and herself and Lear taken prisoners. Goneril—for Edmund's sake—poisons her sister Regan; and afterwards when her husband discovers her perfidy, stabs herself. Edmund is killed in a combat with his wronged brother, Edgar. By an order of Edmund, too late countermanded, Cordelia is hanged in prison, and Lear dies broken-hearted at this last calamity.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Not a Play for the Stage.

The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm

which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that " they themselves are old "? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and

preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die.

LAMB: *On the Tragedies of Shakespeare.*

III.

Lear.

Lear, as first presented to us, is so self-indulgent and unrestrained, has been so fooled to the top of his bent, is so terribly unjust, not only to Cordelia, but to Kent, that one feels hardly any punishment can be too great for him. The motive that he puts to draw forth the desired expression of affection from Cordelia, "Do profess love to get a big reward," is such that no girl with true love for a father could leave unrepudiated; and when his proposal gets the answer it deserves, he meets his daughter's nobleness by curses and revenge. Stripped by his own act of his own authority, his Fool with bitter sarcasms teaches him what a fool he 's been. And few can regret that he was made to feel a bite even sharper than a serpent's tooth. Still one is glad to see that he was early struggling against his own first wild passion, and that he would blame his own jealous curiosity before seeing Goneril's purpose of unkindness. One sympathizes with his prayer to heaven to keep him in temper—"he would not be mad"—with his acquirement of some self-control, when excusing the hot duke's insolence by his illness. One sees, though, how he still measures love by the allowances of knights it will give him; and it is not till driven out to the mercy of the winds and storm, till he knows that he is but a "poor, infirm, weak and despised old man," till he can think of the poor naked wretches of whom he has before taken too little care,

that one pities the sufferer for the consequences of his own folly. When he recovers from his madness and has come to the knowledge of himself, has found, smelled out those flatterers who 'd destroy him, then is he more truly "every inch a king," though cut to the brains, than ever he was before. The pathos of his recognition of Cordelia, his submission to her and seeking her blessing, his lamentation over her corpse, are exceeded by nothing in Shakspere. Professor Spalding dwells on the last scene as an instance of how Shakspere got his most intense effects by no grand situation, as Massinger did, as Shakspere himself did in earlier time, but out of the simplest materials. Spalding says, "The horrors which have gathered so thickly throughout the last act are carefully removed to the background, but free room is left for the sorrowful group on which every eye is turned. The situation is simple in the extreme; but how tragically moving are the internal convulsions, for the representation of which the poet has worthily husbanded his force! Lear enters with frantic cries, bearing the body of his dead daughter in his arms; he alternates between agitating doubts and wishful unbelief of her death, and piteously experiments on the lifeless corpse; he bends over her with the dotage of an old man's affection, and calls to mind the soft lowness of her voice, till he fancies he can hear its murmurs. Then succeeds the dreadful torpor of despairing insanity, during which he receives the most cruel tidings with apathy, or replies to them with wild incoherence; and the heart flows forth at the close with its last burst of love only to break in the vehemence of its emotion, commencing with the tenderness of regret, swelling into choking grief, and at last, when the eye catches the tokens of mortality in the dead, snapping the chords of life in an agonized horror." Cordelia is as the sun above the deeps of hell shown in Goneril and Regan. One can hardly help wishing that Shakspere had followed the old story told by Layamon and other repeaters of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and

made Cordelia set her father on the throne again, and reign after him for a while in peace. But the tragedian, the preacher of Shakspere's Third-Period Lesson, did wisely for his art and meaning in letting the daughter and father lie in one grave.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

IV.

Cordelia.

There is in the beauty of Cordelia's character an effect too sacred for words, and almost too deep for tears; within her heart is a fathomless well of purest affection, but its waters sleep in silence and obscurity—never failing in their depth and never overflowing in their fulness. Every thing in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive. The character appears to have no surface, no salient points upon which the fancy can readily seize: there is little external development of intellect, less of passion, and still less of imagination. It is completely made out in the course of a few scenes, and we are surprised to find that in those few scenes there is matter for a life of reflection, and materials enough for twenty heroines. If *Lear* be the grandest of Shakspeare's tragedies, Cordelia in herself, as a human being, governed by the purest and holiest impulses and motives, the most refined from all dross of selfishness and passion, approaches near to perfection; and in her adaptation, as a dramatic personage, to a determinate plan of action, may be pronounced altogether perfect. The character, to speak of it critically as a poetical conception, is not, however, to be comprehended at once, or easily; and in the same manner Cordelia, as a woman, is one whom we must have loved before we could have known her, and known her long before we could have known her

truly. . . . It appears to me that the whole character rests upon the two sublimest principles of human action—the love of truth and the sense of duty; but these, when they stand alone (as in the Antigone), are apt to strike us as severe and cold. Shakspeare has, therefore, wreathed them round with the dearest attributes of our feminine nature, the power of feeling and inspiring affection. The first part of the play shows us how Cordelia is loved, the second part how she can love. . . . What is it which lends to Cordelia that peculiar and individual truth of character which distinguishes her from every other human being? It is a natural reserve, a tardiness of disposition, "which often leaves the history unspoke that it intends to do"; a subdued quietness of deportment and expression, a veiled shyness thrown over all her emotions, her language, and her manner; making the outward demonstration invariably fall short of what we know to be the feeling within. Not only is the portrait singularly beautiful and interesting in itself, but the conduct of Cordelia, and the part which she bears in the beginning of the story, is rendered consistent and natural by the wonderful truth and delicacy with which this peculiar disposition is sustained throughout the play.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Goneril and Regan.

There is no accounting for the conduct of Goneril and Regan but by supposing them possessed with a very instinct and original impulse of malignity. The main points of their action, as we have seen, were taken from the old story. Character, in the proper sense of the term, they have none in the legend; and the Poet but in-

vested them with characters suitable to the part they were believed to have acted.

Whatever of soul these beings possess, is all in the head: they have no heart to guide or inspire their understanding; and but enough of understanding to seize occasions and frame excuses for their heartlessness. Without affection, they are also without shame; there being barely so much of human blood in their veins, as may serve to quicken the brain, without sending a blush to the cheek. Their hypocrisy acts as the instinctive cunning of selfishness; with a sort of hell-inspired tact they feel their way for a fit occasion, but drop the mask as soon as their ends are reached. There is a smooth, glib rhetoric in their professions of love, unwarmed with the least grace of real feeling, and a certain wiry virulence and intrepidity of thought in their after-speaking, that is almost terrific. No touch of nature finds a response in their bosoms; no atmosphere of comfort can abide their presence: we feel that they have somewhat within that turns the milk of humanity into venom, which all the wounds they can inflict are but opportunities for casting.

The subordinate plot of the drama serves the purpose of relieving the improbability of their conduct towards their father. Some, indeed, have censured this plot as an embarrassment to the main one; forgetting, perhaps, that to raise and sustain the feelings at any great height, there must be some breadth of basis. A degree of evil, which, if seen altogether alone, would strike us as superhuman, makes a very different impression, when it has the support of proper sympathies and associations. This effect is in a good measure secured by Edmund's independent concurrence with Goneril and Regan in wickedness. It looks as if some malignant planet had set the elements of evil astir in several hearts at the same time; so that "unnaturalness between the child and the parent" were become, sure enough, the order of the day.

Besides, the agreement of the sister-fiends in filial ingratitude might seem, of itself, to argue some sisterly attachment between them. So that, to bring out their character truly, it had to be shown, that the same principle which united them against their father would, on the turning of occasion, divide them against each other. Hence the necessity of bringing them forward in relations adapted to set them at strife. In Edmund, accordingly, they find a character wicked enough, and energetic enough in his wickedness, to interest their feelings; and because they are both alike interested in him, therefore they will cut their way to him through each other's life.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VI.

The Fool.

The Fool, the best of Shakespeare's Fools, made more conspicuous by coming after the insignificant Clown in *Othello*, is such an echo—mordantly witty, marvellously ingenious. He is the protest of sound common-sense against the foolishness of which Lear has been guilty, but a protest that is pure humour; he never complains, least of all on his own account. Yet all his foolery produces a tragic effect. And the words spoken by one of the knights, "Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away," atone for all his sharp speeches in *Lear*. Amongst Shakespeare's other master-strokes in this play must be reckoned that of exalting the traditional clown, the buffoon, into so high a sphere that he becomes a tragic element of the first order.

In no other play of Shakespeare's has the Fool so many proverbial words of wisdom. Indeed, the whole piece teems with such words: Lear's "'Ay' and 'no'

too was no good divinity"; Edgar's "Ripeness is all"; Kent's "To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid."

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

. . . That exquisite scherzo to Cordelia's andante —the Fool. This characteristic type of the Comedies appears nowhere else in tragedy; but in the close of the comic period we find the Fool shaping towards the functions he performs in *Lear.* Frankness was his official prerogative; fidelity his added grace. The calamities of *As You Like It* are as the passing of a summer cloud compared with those of *Lear;* but such as they are, Touchstone shares in them, throwing in his lot with his banished mistresses, and pricking their romantic extravagances with the rough-hewn bolts of his dry brain. The overwhelming pathos of *Lear* is evolved from a situation in itself quite as capable of yielding farce; and as the tragedy deepens, humour melts into pathos in the chorus-like comments of the more exquisite and finely-tempered Touchstone who follows the king into the night and storm, and vanishes from our ken, like a wild dream-fancy, when the troubled morning breaks.

HERFORD: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Edmund.

Our eyes have been questioning him. Gifted as he is with high advantages of person, and further endowed by nature with a powerful intellect and a strong energetic will, even without any concurrence of circumstances and accident, pride will necessarily be the sin that most easily besets him. But Edmund is also the known and acknowledged son of the princely Gloster; he, therefore, has both the germ of pride and the conditions best fitted

to evolve and ripen it into a predominant feeling. Yet hitherto no reason appears why it should be other than the not unusual pride of person, talent, and birth—a pride auxiliary, if not akin, to many virtues, and the natural ally of honourable impulses. But, alas! in his own presence his own father takes shame to himself for the frank avowal that he is his father—he has "blushed so often to acknowledge him that he is now brazed to it." . . . This, and the consciousness of its notoriety; the gnawing conviction that every show of respect is an effort of courtesy which recalls, while it represses, a contrary feeling—this is the ever trickling flow of wormwood and gall into the wounds of pride; the corrosive *virus* which inoculates pride with a venom not its own, with envy, hatred, and a lust for that power which, in its blaze of radiance, would hide the dark spots on his disk; with pangs of shame personally undeserved, and therefore felt as wrongs; and with a blind ferment of vindictive working towards the occasions and causes, especially towards a brother, whose stainless birth and lawful honours were the constant remembrancers of his own debasement, and were ever in the way to prevent all chance of its being unknown or overlooked and forgotton. Add to this that, with excellent judgement, and provident for the claims of the moral sense; for that which, relatively to the drama, is called poetic justice, and as the fittest means for reconciling the feelings of the spectators to the horrors of Gloster's after-sufferings —at least, of rendering them somewhat less unendurable (for I will not disguise my conviction that in this one point the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic), Shakespeare has precluded all excuse and palliation of the guilt incurred by both the parents of the base-born Edmund, by Gloster's confession that he was at the time a married man, and already blest with a lawful heir of his fortunes.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Kent and Edgar.

If the best grace and happiness of life consist in a forgetting of self and a living for others, Kent and Edgar are those of Shakespeare's men whom one should most wish to resemble. Strikingly similar in virtues and situation, these two persons are, notwithstanding, widely different in character. Brothers in magnanimity and in misfortune; equally invincible in fidelity, the one to his King, the other to his father; both driven to disguise themselves, and in their disguise both serving where they stand condemned;—Kent, too generous to control himself, is always quick, fiery, and impetuous; Edgar, controlling himself even because of his generosity, is always calm, collected, and deliberate. Yet it is difficult which of them to prefer. For, if Edgar be the more judicious and prudent, Kent is the more unselfish, of the two: the former disguising himself for his own safety, and then turning his disguise into an opportunity of service; the latter disguising himself merely *in order* to serve, and then perilling his life in the same course whereby the other seeks to preserve it. Nor is Edgar so lost to himself and absorbed in others but that he can and does survive them; whereas Kent's life is so bound up with others, that their death plucks him after.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

IX.

Leading Features of the Tragedy.

Four things have struck us in reading *Lear:*

1. That poetry is an interesting study, for this reason, that it relates to whatever is most interesting in human

life. Whoever, therefore, has a contempt for poetry has a contempt for himself and humanity.

2. That the language of poetry is superior to the language of painting, because the strongest of our recollections relate to feelings, not to faces.

3. That the greatest strength of genius is shown in describing the strongest passions; for the power of the imagination, in works of invention, must be in proportion to the force of the natural impressions which are the subject of them.

4. That the circumstance which balances the pleasure against the pain in tragedy is, that in proportion to the greatness of the evil is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited; and that our sympathy with actual suffering is lost in the strong impulse given to our natural affections, and carried away with the swelling tide of passion that gushes from and relieves the heart.

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

King Lear is, indeed, the greatest single achievement in poetry of the Teutonic, or Northern, genius. By its largeness of conception and the variety of its details, by its revelation of a harmony existing between the forces of nature and the passions of man, by its grotesqueness and its sublimity, its own kinship with the great cathedrals of Gothic architecture. To conceive, to compass, to comprehend, at once in its stupendous unity and in its almost endless variety, a building like the cathedral of Rheims, or that of Cologne, is a feat which might seem to defy the most athletic imagination. But the impression which Shakspere's tragedy produces, while equally large—almost monstrous—and equally intricate, lacks the material fixity and determinateness of that produced by these great works in stone. Everything in the tragedy is in motion, and the motion is that of a tempest.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

Comments

The loss of a Cordelia—that is the great catastrophe. We all lose, or live under the dread of losing, our Cordelia. The loss of the dearest and the best, of that which alone makes life worth living—that is the tragedy of life. Hence the question: Is this the end of the world? Yes, it is. Each of us has only his world, and lives with the threat of its destruction hanging over him. And in the year 1606 Shakespeare was in no mood to write other than dramas on the doom of worlds.

For the end of all things seems to have come when we see the ruin of the moral world—when he who is noble and trustful like Lear is rewarded with ingratitude and hate; when he who is honest and brave like Kent is punished with dishonour; when he who is merciful like Gloucester, taking the suffering and injured under his roof, has the loss of his eyes for his reward; when he who is noble and faithful like Edgar must wander about in the semblance of a maniac, with a rag round his loins; when, finally, she who is the living emblem of womanly dignity and of filial tenderness towards an old father who has become as it were her child—when she meets her death before his eyes at the hands of assassins! What avails it that the guilty slaughter and poison each other afterwards? None the less is this the titanic tragedy of human life; there rings forth from it a chorus of passionate, jeering, wildly yearning, and desperately wailing voices.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

The Tragedy of King Lear.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEAR, *king of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, *son to Gloucester.*
EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloucester.*
CURAN, *a courtier.*
Old Man, *tenant to Gloucester.*
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*
A captain employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } *daughters to Lear.*

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*

The Tragedy of King Lear.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something

saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goncril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much as child e'er loved or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love 's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour 's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgement,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb.
Corn. } Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thy allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,

To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I 'll do 't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love 's not love

When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*

Lear. "Thou hast her, France; let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—"

King Lear. Act 1, Scene 1.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been

but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let 's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think on 't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word, 'legitimate'!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let 's see, let 's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,

'EDGAR.'

Hum! Conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue!'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; ay, apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour and to no further pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek

him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there 's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a

divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writ of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That 's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there 's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Oswald, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I 'll answer.

Osw. He 's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I 'ld have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.
Remember what I tell you.

Osw. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lovest
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgement; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.
Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?
Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
Lear. What 's that?
Kent. Authority.
Lear. What services canst thou do?
Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.
Lear. How old art thou?
Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.
Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where 's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where 's my daughter?
Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*
Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where 's my fool, ho? I think the world 's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where 's that mongrel?
Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.
Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there 's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayst thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where 's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter Oswald.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I 'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I 'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I 'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes Oswald out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here 's my coxcomb.

[*Offering Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that 's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow hath banished two on 's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I 'ld keep my cox-

combs myself. There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg in the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Singing] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum:
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear*] That 's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainder that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I 'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*] O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility:
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I 'll tell thee. [*To Gon.*] Life and Death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I 'll pluck ye out
And cast you with the waters that you lose
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I 'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel: a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Yes, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know that comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put 's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father! —Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy.
Fool. She that 's a maid now and laughs at my departure
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.
Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.
Edm. How comes that?
Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?
Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
Edm. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better! best
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me:
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand 's auspicious mistress.

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.

[*Exeunt some Servants.*

'By no means' what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous caitiff to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, could the reposure
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character—I 'ld turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I 'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: 130
Your graces are right welcome. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Osw. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I' the mire.
Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Osw. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not. 10
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Osw. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, 20 coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I 'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What 's the matter? [*Parting them.*

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I 'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence.

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse to unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I 'ld drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Osw. I never give him any:
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!
[*Stocks brought out.*
Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I 'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*
Come, my good lord, away.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.*

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I 'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I 'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glou. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time

From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*Sleeps.*

Scene III.

A wood.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That every penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I 'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That 's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man 's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What 's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine—
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughter as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I 'ld speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?
Glou. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
'Fiery'? 'the fiery duke'? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature being oppress'd commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I 'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man. [*Looking on Kent*] Death on my state! wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I 'ld speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I 'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Re-enter Gloucester, with Cornwall, Regan, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress. [*To Kent*] O, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe

With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
[*Kneeling*] 'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness.

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes. Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Reg. I know 't; my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I 'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life 's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I 'll weep;
No, I 'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I 'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I 'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

lou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
orn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
on. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
lou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There 's scarce a bush.
eg. O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.
orn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A heath.

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

ent. Who 's there, besides foul weather?
ent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
ent. I know you. Where 's the king?
ent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea.
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings,—
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

Lear. "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!"

King Lear. Act 3, Scene 2. Page 80.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand:
Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I 'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here 's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing*]
He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There 's a division betwixt the dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'ldst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea
Thou 'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I 'll go in.
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.
Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*
Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a spirit.
Help me, help me!
Kent. Give me thy hand. Who 's there?
Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.
Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
'Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.'
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.
Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
and art thou come to this?
Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through

flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters?

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. 'Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.' Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild

field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?
Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.
Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,
That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.
Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
Lear. I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glou. Canst thou blame him?

[*Storm still.*

His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad: I 'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend,
No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom 's a-cold.
Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let 's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words: hush.
Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came:
His word was still ' Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.' [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the

advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he 's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his

son, for he 's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He 's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I 'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.
[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. [*To Kent*] You are o' the commission;
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We 'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not: his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed.
Seek out the traitor Gloucester.
[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep

you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where 's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go seek the traitor Gloucester.
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who 's there? the traitor?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!
Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—
[*Regan plucks his beard.*
Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glou. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that 's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glou. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.
Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.
Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance—
First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'ld shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*They draw and fight.*
First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
[*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*
First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glou. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [*Exit one with Gloucester.*] How is 't, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*

Sec. Serv. I 'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

Sec. Serv. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou: I 'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,

I 'ld say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who 's there?

Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is 't can say 'I am at the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. Bless thee, master!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I 'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I 'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess
And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I 'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Oswald.

Now, where's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse': of Gloucester's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns it origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man! 50
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and criest
'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil! 60
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood! mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who thereat enraged
Flew on him and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I 'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The French camp near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who most rebel-like
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,

Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

CORDELIA.

King Lear.

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.
Kent. Well, sir, I 'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an officer*] What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate

In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what: I 'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know 't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Fields near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You 're much deceived: in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.
Glou. Methinks you 're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here 's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I 'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glou. Alack, I have no eyes,
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything that I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their

words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There 's hell, there 's darkness, there 's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind
Cupid; I 'll not love. Read thou this challenge;
mark but the penning on 't.
Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report: it is,
And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What, with the case of eyes?
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in
your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light:
yet you see how this world goes.
Glou. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this
world goes with no eyes. Look with thine
ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond
simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change
places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,
which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's
dog bark at a beggar?
Glou. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There
thou mightst behold the great image of author-
ity: a dog 's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own
back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now: pull off my boots: harder harder, so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This 's a good block.
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I 'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Aye, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there 's life in it. Nay, an you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what 's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that 's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*
Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I 'll lead you to some biding.
Glou. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [*Edgar interposes.*
Wherefore, bold peasant.
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence!
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor folk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a fortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man;

keep out, che vor ye, or I 'se try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill! [*They fight.*

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. [*Oswald falls.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the British party. O, untimely death!
Death! [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let 's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we 'ld rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

'Your—wife, so I would say—
'affectionate servant,
'GONERIL.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I 'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I 'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

A tent in the French camp. Lear on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentlemen, and others attending.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.

Cord. "O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!"

King Lear. Act 4, Scene 7.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor*] How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—

With this thine helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He 's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let 's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish. [*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The British camp near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course: he 's full of alteration
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.
[*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not.—
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let 's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I 'll overtake you. Speak.
[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.
[*Exit Edgar.*

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy 's in view: draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeunt. Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I 'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glou. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: come on.

Glou. And that 's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The British camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lea and Cordelia, as prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who 's in, who 's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caugl
thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep; we 'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note: go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark; I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I 'll do 't. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, another Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow or at further space to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [*To Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and in thine attaint
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*]. For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. [*Throwing down a glove*] There's my exchange; what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, ho!
Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
Capt. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*
Her. [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'
Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*
Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What 's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale.
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good; but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,

Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'ld burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she 's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Captain, and others following.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'ld use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She 's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promised end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master!
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she 's gone for ever!

KING LEAR AND CORNELIA.

Lear. "Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives."

King Lear. Act 5, Scene 3.

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little! Ha!
What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I 'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He 'll strike, and quickly too: he 's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—

Lear. I 'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all 's cheerless, dark and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.

My master calls me, I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

Glossary.

Abated, diminished, deprived; II. iv. 160.

Able, uphold, answer for; IV. vi. 172.

Abused, deceived; IV. i. 23.

Action-taking; "resenting an injury by a law-suit, instead of fighting it out like a man of honour" (Schmidt); II. ii. 16.

Addition, distinction, title; II. ii. 26; V. iii. 301. "Your a.," the title you have given him; V. iii. 68.

Additions, outward honour, titles; I. i. 137.

Address, address ourselves; I. i. 192.

Admiration, amazement, astonishment; I. iv. 244.

Advise yourself, consider; II. i. 28.

Affected; "had more a.," had better liked, been more partial to; I. i. 1.

After, afterwards; V. iii. 241.

A-height, aloft, to the height; IV. vi. 58.

Aidant, helpful; IV. iv. 17.

Ajax, taken as a typical boaster (according to some, a plain, blunt, brave fellow); II. ii. 126.

Alarum'd; "best a. spirits," spirits thoroughly aroused to the combat; II. i. 54.

All, altogether; I. i. 105.

Allay, be allayed; I. ii. 175.

Allow, approve of; II. iv. 193.

Allowance, countenance, permission; I. iv. 214.

Alms; "at fortune's a.," as an alms of fortune; I. i. 280.

Amity, friendship; II. iv. 244.

An, if; I. iv. 185.

Ancient of war, experienced officers; V. i. 32.

Answer; "a. my life," let my life answer for; I. i. 152.

Apollo; "by Apollo," an oath; I. i. 161.

Appear; "wilt a.," dost wish to seem; I. i. 182.

Approve, prove; II. ii. 161.

Approves, confirms; II. iv. 185. ——, proves; III. v. 11.

Arbitrement, contest, decision; IV. vii. 94.

Arch, chief; II. i. 60.

Argument, subject; I. i. 217.

Aroint thee, make room, away with thee (Quartos, "*arint thee*"); III. iv. 129.

As, as if; III. iv. 15.

Assured loss, certainty of loss; III. vi. 98.

Attaint, impeachment; V. iii. 83.

ttask'd for, blamed for (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*at task for*"; some copies of Quarto 1, "*attaskt for*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*alapt*"); I. iv. 366.
ttend, await; II. i. 126.
—, watch, wait; II. iii. 5.
uricular, got by hearing (Quartos, "*aurigular*"); I. ii. 98.
vert, turn; I. i. 213.
vouch, own, acknowledge; II. iv. 239.
vouched, asserted; V. i. 44.

ack, on his way back; IV. ii. 90.
allow, cudgel (Quarto 2, "*bat*"); IV. vi. 246.
alm'd, cured, healed; III. vi. 101.
andy, beat to and fro (a term in tennis); I. iv. 87.
ans, curses; II. iii. 19.
ar, shut; II. i. 81.
—, debar, exclude; V. iii. 85.
arber-monger, frequenter of barbers' shops, fop; II. ii. 33.
earing, suffering; III. vi. 110.
ecomes, suits, agrees with; II. iv. 154.
edlam, lunatic; III. vii. 103.
edlam beggars, mad beggars; II. iii. 14. (*Cp.* illustration.)
eguiled, deceived; II. ii. 111.
elike, it may be, perhaps; IV. v. 20.
emadding, maddening; III. i. 38.
e-met, met; V. i. 20.
ench, sit on the judgement-seat; III. vi. 39.
Bending, directing, raising; IV. ii. 74.
Benison, blessing; I. i. 267.
Besort, become; I. iv. 259.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. iv. 100.
Bethought; "am b.," have decided; II. iii. 6.
Bestow, place, lodge; IV. vi. 293.
Bestow'd, housed, lodged; II. iv. 291.
Betwixt, between; I. i. 139.
Bewray, betray, reveal (Quartos, "*betray*"); II. i. 108.
Bias of nature, natural direction, tendency; I. ii. 120.
Bide, bear; III. iv. 29.
Biding, abiding place; IV. vi. 228.
Big, loud; V. iii. 208.
Blame, fault; II. iv. 292.

From a sketch by Inigo Jones of the Palmer's dress worn by Romeo in the Masquerade Scene.

Blank, the white mark in the centre of the butt at which the arrow is aimed; I. i. 161.

Block, fashion of a hat; IV. vi. 187.

Blood, nature; III. v. 23.

——, impulse, passion (Theobald, "*boiling blood*"); IV. ii. 64.

Blown, ambitious, inflated; IV. iv. 27.

Boil, inflamed tumour (Quartos, Folios, "*bile*," "*byle*"); II. iv. 225.

Bolds, encourages; V. i. 26.

Bond, duty, obligation; I. i. 94.

Bones; "young b.," *i.e.* unborn infant; II. iv. 164.

Boot; "to b., and b.," for your reward (? "over and above my thanks"); IV. vi. 230.

Bootless, useless; V. iii. 294.

Border'd, limited, confined; IV. ii. 33.

Bosom; "of her b.," in her confidence; IV. v. 26.

——, "common b.," affection of the people; V. iii. 49.

Bosom'd, in her confidence; V. i. 13.

Bound, ready; III. vii. 11.

Bourn, brook; III. vi. 27.

——, limit, boundary; IV. vi. 57.

Brach, a female hound (Folios, "*the Lady Brach*"; Quartos, "*Lady oth'e brach*"; A. Smith, "*Lye the brach*"); I. iv. 116.

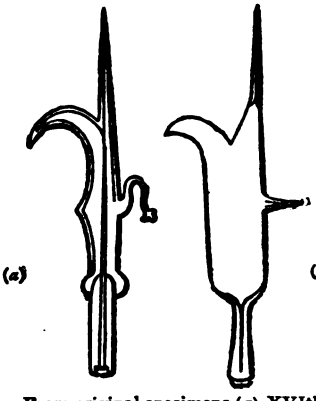
Brazed, brazened, hardened; I. i. 11.

Brief; "be b. in it," be quic about it; V. iii. 245.

British (Folios, "*English*") IV. vi. 254.

Brow of youth, youthful brow I. iv. 292.

Brown bills, browned halberd used by foot-soldiers; IV. v 91. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From original specimens (*a*) XVIt century, (*b*) later.

Buoy'd, lifted itself (Quarto Mus. per. and Bodl. "*bod*"; Quarto 1, Cap. De Mus. imp. and Bodl. "*layd*"; Quartos 2, "*laid*"); III. vii. 60.

Bur-docks, the plant *Arctiu Lappa* (Hanmer's emend tion; Quartos, "*hordocks*' Folios 1, 2, "*Hardokes*' Folios 3, 4, "*Hardocks*' Farmer conj. 1778, "*ha locks*"; Collier, Steeve conj. "*hoar-docks*"; IV. iv.

But, only; IV. vi. 128.
Buzz, whisper; I. iv. 334.
By, from (Folios, "*on*"); I. ii. 132.

Cadent, falling (Quartos 1, 2, "*accent*"; Quarto 3, "*accient*"); I. iv. 293.
Caitiff, wretch (Folios, "*coward*"); II. i. 63.
Camelot; "I'd drive ye cackling home to C."; probably a proverb not yet satisfactorily explained; it is said that near Cadbury in Somersetshire, the supposed site of Camelot, there are large pools, upon which many geese are bred; II. ii. 84.
Can, can do; IV. iv. 8.
Canker-bit, canker-bitten; V. iii. 122.
Capable, capable of inheriting; II. i. 85.
Carbonado, cut across like a piece of meat for broiling or grilling; II. ii. 38.
Carry, bear; III. ii. 49.
——, carry out, contrive; V. iii. 36.
Carry out my side; "be a winner in the game" (Schmidt); V. i. 61.
Case, empty socket; IV. vi. 126.
Cat, civet cat; III. iv. 109.
Cataracts, water-spouts (Quarto 1, "*caterickes*"); III. ii. 2.
Censure, judge, pass sentence upon; V. iii. 3.
Centaurs, fabulous monsters, half man, half horse; IV. vi. 126.
Century, troop of a hundred men; IV. iv. 6.
Challenge, claim as due; I. i. 54.
Challenged, claimed; IV. vii. 31.
Champains, plains, open country; I. i. 65.
Chance, chances it; II. iv. 63.
Character, handwriting; I. ii. 66.
Charge, expense, cost; II. iv. 242.
Check, censure, rebuke; II. ii. 149.
Che vor ye, I warn you; IV. vi. 244.
Child-changed, changed by children's conduct; IV. vii. 17.
Child Rowland (*v.* Note); III. iv. 184.
Chill, I will (Somerset or south-country dialect); IV. vi. 239.
Chud, I should, or I would (*cp.* "*chill*"); IV. vi. 242.
Clearest, most pure, most glorious; IV. vi. 73.
Clipp'd, curtailed; IV. vii. 6.
Closet, room, chamber; I. ii. 65.
Clothier's yard, cloth-yard-shaft, arrow; IV. vi. 88.
Clotpoll, blockhead (Folios, "*Clot-pole*"; Quartos "*clatpole*"); I. iv. 50.
Clout, the white mark in the centre of the target; IV. vi. 92.
Cock, cockcrow; III. iv. 121.
——, cockboat; IV. vi. 19.

Cockney, a cook's assistant (originally a person connected with the kitchen; later, a pampered child); II. iv. 123.
Cocks, weathercocks; III. ii. 3.
Cod-piece, a part of the male attire; III. ii. 27.
Cold; "catch c.," be turned out of doors; I. iv. 113.
Colour, kind (Quartos, "*nature*"); II. ii. 145.
Comfortable, able to comfort; I. iv. 328.
——, comforting; II. ii. 171.
Comforting; "giving aid and comfort to" (used in a technical legal sense); III. v. 21.
Commend, deliver; II. iv. 28.
Commission, warrant to act as representative; V. iii. 64.
Commodities, advantages; IV. i. 23.
Compact, put together; I. ii. 7.
——, give consistency to; I. iv. 362.
Compeers, is equal with; V. iii. 69.
Conceit, imagination; IV. vi. 42.
Conceive, understand; IV. ii. 24.
Concluded; "had not c. all," had not come to an end altogether; IV. vii. 42.
Condition, character, habit; I. i. 301.
Conditions, character, temper; IV. iii. 35.
Confine, limit, boundary; II. iv. 150.
Confined, restricted, limited; ii. 25.
Conjunct, in concert with (F lios, "*compact*"); II. ii. 1
——, closely united; V. i. 12.
Conjuring, employing incant tions; II. i. 41.
Consort, company; II. i. 99.
Conspirant, conspirator; V. i 135.
Constant pleasure, fixed r solve; V. i. 4.
Constrains, forces; II. ii. 103.
Contemned'st, most despis (Quartos, "*temnest*"; Pop "*the meanest*"); II. ii. 15
Continent, restraining; I. 181.
Continents, that which contai or encloses; III. ii. 58.
Convenient, proper; V. i. 36.
Converse, associate, have inte course; I. iv. 16.
Convey, manage with secrec I. ii. 109.
Cope, cope with; V. iii. 124.
Corky, withered, dry; III. v 29.
Coronet, crown; I. i. 141.
Costard, head; IV. vi. 247.
Couch, lie close and hidde III. i. 12.
Course, way of life; II. ii. 17
——, "my very c.," the sa course as I do (Folios, "*n course*"); I. iii. 26.
——, "gentleness and c. yours," gentleness of yo course; I. iv. 364.
——, "the old c. of death," natural death; III. vii. 101.

Court holy-water, flattery ("Ray, among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* meaning *fair words.* The French have the same phrase: *Eau benite de Cour,*" Steevens); III. ii. 10.

Courtesy; "do a c. to," yield, give way to; III. vii. 26.

Cover, hide; I. i. 284.

Cowish; "cowish terror," cowardly terror [Quarto 1 (some copies), "*cowish curre*"; Wright conj. "*currish terror*"]; IV. ii. 12.

Coxcomb, fool's cap; I. iv. 105. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the *Troyes Dance of Death,* 1499.

Coxcombs, heads; II. iv. 125.

Cozen'd, cheated, deceived; V. iii. 154.

Cozener, cheater; IV. vi. 167.

Crab, crab-apple; I. v. 15.

Craves, demands; II. i. 130.

Crow-keeper, one who scares crows away from a field; IV. vi. 88.

Cruel, a play upon crewel, *i.e.* worsted, of which garters were made (Quartos 1, 2, "*crewell*"; Quarto 3, "*crewill*"; Folios 3, 4, "*crewel*"); II. iv. 7. (*Cp.* illustration.)

'*Cruel garters.*'

Cruels; "all c. else, "all their other cruelties" (*v.* Note); III. vii. 65.

Cry; "till it c. sleep to death," till its clamour murders sleep; II. iv. 120.

Cry grace, cry for pardon; III. ii. 58.

Cub-drawn, sucked dry by cubs, famished; III. i. 12.

Cuckoo-flowers, cowslips; IV. iv. 4.

Cue, catch-word; I. ii. 147.

Cullionly, wretched; II. ii. 36.

Cunning, dissimulation; II. i. 31.

Curiosity, minute scrutiny; I. i. 6.

——, suspicious watchfulness, scrupulousness; I. iv. 75.

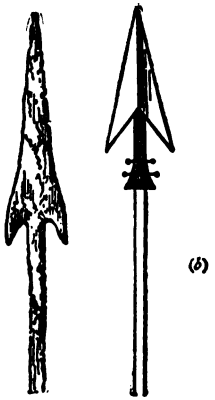
Display'd so saucily, made so saucy a display; II. iv. 41.
Dispositions, moods, humours; I. iv. 242.
Disquantity, diminish; I. iv. 270.
Disquietly, causing disquiet; I. ii. 124.
Distaff, spinning wheel; IV. ii. 17.
Distaste, dislike (Quartos, "*dislike*"); I. iii. 15.
Distract, distracted; IV. vi. 288.
Dolours, used with a play upon "dollars" (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Dolors*"); II. iv. 54.
Dolphin my boy, probably a fragment of an old song; III. iv. 104.
Doom, sentence (Folio 1, "*guift*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*gift*"); I. i. 167.
Doubted, feared; V. i. 6.
Doubtful, fearful; V. i. 12.
Drew, I drew my sword; II. iv. 42.
Ducking, bowing, fawning; II. ii. 109.
Dullard, idiot; II. i. 76.

Each; "at e.," fastened each to each; IV. vi. 53.
Ear-kissing, whispered in the ear (Quartos, "*eare-bussing*"); II. i. 9.
Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. iv. 104.
Effects, outward show; I. i. 133.
Effects, actions, manifestations; II. iv. 182.
——, "prove e.," be realized; IV. ii. 15.
Elbows, stands at his elbow; IV. iii. 44.
Elements, air and sky (Quartos, "*element*"); III. i. 4.
Elf all my hair, tangle, mat my hair (supposed to be the work of elves or fairies); II. iii. 10.
Embossed, protuberant, swollen; II. iv. 227.
End, end of the world; V. iii. 263.
Engine, rack; I. iv. 290.
Enguard, guard; I. iv. 349.
Enormous, abnormal; II. ii. 176.
Enridged, formed into ridges; IV. vi. 71.
Entertain, engage; III. vi. 83.
Entire, main; I. i. 243.
Epileptic; "distorted by grinning"; II. ii. 87.
Equalities, equal conditions (Folios, "*qualities*"); I. i. 5.
Esperance, hope; IV. i. 4.
Essay, assay, trial; I. ii. 47.
Estate, condition; V. iii. 209.
Even; "even o'er," pass over in his memory; IV. vii. 80.
Event; "the e.," *i.e.* the result will prove; I. iv. 371.
Evidence, witnesses; III. vi. 37.
Exhibition, allowance; I. ii. 25.
Eyeless, blind; III. i. 8.

Fain, gladly; I. iv. 196.
Faint, slight; I. iv. 73.
Faith'd, believed; II. i. 72.

Forgot, forgotten; V. iii. 236.

Fork, barbed arrow head; I. i. 146. (*Cp.* illustration.)



(*a*) From a specimen found in a tumulus.
(*b*) From the Cotton MS., Tib. C. 6 (Xth century).

Forked; "man is . . . a poor, bare, forked animal"; III. iv. 112. (*Cp.* the Chinese character for man.)

For that, because; I. ii. v.

Fortune, success; V. iii. 165.

Frame, manage; I. ii. 107.

France, King of France; II. iv. 215.

Frateretto, the name of one of Harsnet's fiends; III. vi. 7.

Fraught, filled; I. iv. 241.

Free, sound, not diseased; IV. vi. 80.

Fret, wear; I. iv. 307.

From, away from; II. i. 126.

Frontlet, frown; I. iv. 207.

Fruitfully, fully; IV. vi. 270.

Full, fully; I. iv. 360.

Full-flowing; "freely venting its passion"; V. iii. 74.

Fumiter, fumitory; IV. iv. 3.

Furnishings, pretences, outward shows; III. i. 29.

Furrow-weeds, weeds growing on ploughed land; IV. iv. 3.

Gad; "upon the g.," on the spur of the moment, suddenly; I. ii. 26.

Gait, way; IV. vi. 242.

——, bearing; V. iii. 175.

Gallow, frighten, terrify; III. ii. 44.

Garb, manner of speech; II. ii. 103.

Garden water-pots; IV. vi. 200. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Garden water-pot.
From a specimen exhumed in Goodman's Fields, Whitechapel.

Gasted, frightened; II. i. 57.
Gate; "at g.," at the gate; III. vii. 17.
Generation, offspring; I. i. 119.
Germins, germs, seeds (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*Germains*"; Folios 1, 2, "*germaines*"; Folios 3, 4, "*germanes*"; Capell, "*germens*"); III. ii. 8.
Give you good morrow, God give you good morning; II. ii. 165.
Glass-gazing, contemplating himself in a mirror, vain, foppish; II. ii. 19.
Gloves; "wore g. in my cap," *i.e.* as favours of my mistress; III. iv. 88.
Good; "made g.," maintained, asserted; I. i. 175.
Goodman boy, a contemptuous mode of address; II. ii. 48.
Good-years, supposed to be corrupted from *goujère,* the French disease (Quartos, "*good*"; Theobald, "*good-jers*"; Hanmer, "*goujeres*"); V. iii. 24.
Got, begot; II. i. 80.
Go to, an exclamation; III. iii. 8.
Govern, restrain; V. iii. 161.
Graced, dignified (Quartos, "*great*"); I. iv. 267.
Greet the time, "be ready to greet the occasion; V. i. 54.
Gross, large; IV. vi. 14.
Grossly; "palpably, evidently"; I. i. 295.
Grow out of heels, reduced to poor condition (*cp.* "out at elbows"); II. ii. 164.
Guardians; "my g.," the guardians under me of my realm; II. iv. 254.

Habit, dress, garb; V. iii. 188.
Halcyon, kingfisher ("a lytle byrde called the King's Fysher, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde"—Thomas Lupton, *Notable Things,* B. x.); II. ii. 84.
Half-blooded, partly of noble, partly of mean birth; V. iii. 80.
Handy-dandy, the children's game; "which hand will you have?"; IV. vi. 157.
Hap; "what will h.," let what will happen; III. vi. 121.
Haply, perhaps; I. i. 102.
Happy, fortunate; II. iii. 2.
Hatch, half-door; III. vi. 76.
Headier; "more h.," more headstrong, impetuous; II. iv. 111.
Head-lugg'd, led by the head; IV. ii. 42.
Heat; "i' the heat," a reference probably to the proverb, "Strike the iron while it is hot"; I. i. 312.
Hecate (dissyllabic); (Quartos and Folio 1, "*Heccat*"; Folio 2, "*Hecat*"); I. i. 112.
Hell-hated, "abhorred like hell"; V. iii. 147.
Helps, heals, cures; IV. iv. 10.
Here (used substantively); I. i. 264.

High-engender'd, engendered on high, in the heavens; III. ii. 23.

Him, himself; V. iii. 213.

Hit, agree, be of one mind (Folios, "*sit*"); I. i. 307.

Hold, keep, maintain; II. iv. 245.

Holp, helped; III. vii. 62.

Home, thoroughly, vitally; III. iii. 13.

Honour'd, honourable; V. i. 9.

Hopdance, the name of a fiend (probably "*Hoberdidance*"); (Quartos, "*Hoppedance*"; Capell, "*Hopdance*"); III. vi. 32.

Horn; "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry"; III. vi. 79. (*Cp.* illustration and see Notes.)

From the portrait of the knave, Mull'd Sack.

Horse's health, alluding to the belief that "a horse is above all other animals subject to disease" (Johnson); III. vi. 20.

Hot-blooded, passionate; II. iv. 215.

House; "the h.," *i.e.* "the order of families, the duties of relation"; (Theobald "*the use?*"; Collier MS., "*the mouth?*"); II. iv. 155.

Howe'er, although; IV. ii. 66.

Hundred-pound, used as a term of reproach for a person who had saved just enough to pose as a gentleman; II. ii. 17.

Hurricanoes, water-spouts (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Hurricano's*"; Folio 1, "*Hyrricano's*"; Quartos 1, 2, "*Hircanios*"; Quarto 3, "*Hercantos*"); III. ii. 2.

Hysterica passio, hysteria (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, "*Historica passio*"; Folio 3, "*Hystorica passio*"); II. iv. 56.

Idle, foolish, silly; I. iii. 17.

——, worthless; IV. iv. 5.

Ill affected, evilly disposed; II. i. 100.

Images, signs; II. iv. 91.

Immediacy, being immediately next in authority; V. iii. 65.

Impertinency, that which is not to the point; IV. vi. 179.

Important, importunate; IV. iv. 26.

Impossibilities; "men's i.," things impossible to man; IV. vi. 74.

Impress'd, pressed into our service; V. iii. 50.
In, at, I. iv. 350; into, IV. i. 77.
Incense, incite, instigate; II. iv. 309.
Incite, impel; IV. iv. 27.
Infect, pollute, poison; II. iv. 168.
Influence (used as astrological term); I. ii. 136.
Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; IV. vi. 287.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. iv. 165.
Innocent, idiot (addressed to the fool); III. vi. 8.
Intelligent, bearing intelligence; (Quartos, "*intelligence*"); III. vii. 12.
Intend upon, i.e. intend to confer upon; V. i. 7.
Intent, intention; I. i. 39.
Intent; "made i.," intention, plan I had formed (Collier MS., "*main i.*"); IV. vii. 9.
Interess'd, interested (Folios, "*interest*"); I. i. 87.
Interlude; properly, a short play performed during a banquet; used loosely for a comedy or farce; V. iii. 89.
Intrinse, tightly drawn; II. ii. 81.
Invade, pierce, penetrate into; I. i. 146.
Invades, penetrates; III. iv. 7.
It, its; I. iv. 236.
It is, it is true; IV. vi. 144.

Jakes, privy; II. ii. 72.
Jealous, suspicious; V. i. 56.
Joint-stool, a folding-chair (used in proverbial expression, "I took you for a joint-stool"); III. vi. 54.
Judicious, judicial; III. iv. 76.
Justicer, justice (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*iustice*"); III. vi. 23.

Knapped, cracked, tapped (Quartos, "*rapt*"); II. iv. 125.
Knee, kneel down before; II. iv. 217.

Lag of, later than; I. ii. 6.
Lanced, cut (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*launcht*" and "*lancht*"; Folios, "*latch'd*"); II. i. 54.
Lances, i.e. soldiers carrying lances, lancers; V. iii. 50.
Late, lately; I. iv. 226; III. iv. 173.
——, "of l.," lately; II. iv. 40.
Least, "in the l.," at the least; I. i. 194.
Leave, with your permission; IV. vi. 264.
Light of ear, foolishly credulous; III. iv. 95.
Lights on, comes across his path; III. i. 54.
Like, please; I. i. 203.
——, likely; I. i. 304.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 96.
Lily-livered, white-livered, cowardly; II. ii. 18.
Lipsbury pinfold; perhaps a coined name = the teeth, as being the pinfold, or pound, within the lips (Nares); II. ii. 9.

ist, please; V. iii. 61.
——, listen to; V. iii. 181.
itter, couch for carrying sick persons and ladies when travelling; III. vi. 97.
iving, possessions; I. iv. 120.
oathly, with abhorrence; II. i. 51.
ook'd for, expected; II. iv. 235.
oop'd, full of holes (loop-holes); III. iv. 31.
uxury, lust; IV. vi. 119.
ym, bloodhound led in a line of leash (Hanmer's correction; Quartos 1, 3, "*him*"; Quarto 2, "*Him*"; Folios, "*Hym*"; Collier MS., "*Trim*"); III. vi. 72.

Madded, maddened; IV. ii. 43.
Mahu, a name in Harsnet's category of devils; III. iv. 149.
Main, sea, ocean (? mainland); III. i. 6.
Mainly, mightily; IV. vii. 65.
Make from, get out of the way of; I. i. 145.
Makes up, decides; I. i. 209.
Mate; "one self m. and m.," the same husband and wife, one and the same pair; IV. iii. 36.
Material, forming the substance (Theobald, "*maternal*"; Collier conj. "*natural*"); IV. ii. 35.
Matter, cause of quarrel; II. ii. 47.
——, meaning, good sense; IV. vi. 179.
Matter; "no m.," does not matter; I. iii. 23.
Maugre, in spite of; V. iii. 131.
Means, resources; IV. i. 22.
Meet, good, fit; I. ii. 97.
Meiny, household, retinue (Folios 1, 2, "*meiney*"; Quartos, "*men*"); II. iv. 35.
Memories, memorials; IV. vii. 7.
Merit, = desert, in a bad sense; III. v. 8.
Merlin, the ancient magician of the Arthurian romance; III. ii. 95.
Mew, (*v.* note); IV. ii. 68.
Milk-livered, faint-hearted; IV. ii. 50.
Minikin; "m. mouth," *i.e.* pretty little mouth; III. vi. 45.
Miscarried, lost; V. i. 5.
Miscarry, lose; V. i. 44.
Mischief; "with the m. of your person," with harm to your life (Hanmer, "*without*"; Johnson conj. "*but with*"); I. ii. 178.
Misconstruction; "upon his m.," through his misunderstanding me; II. ii. 124.
Miscreant, vile wretch, (?) misbeliever (Quartos, "*recreant*"); I. i. 163.
Modest, becoming; II. iv. 25.
——, moderate; IV. vii. 5.
Modo, a name from Harsnet's category of devils; III. iv. 148.
Moiety, share, portion; I. i. 7.
Monsters, makes monstrous; I. i. 223.

Moonshines, months; I. ii. 5.
Mopping and mowing, i.e. making grimaces (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*Mobing, and mohing*"); IV. i. 64.
Moral, moralizing; IV. ii. 58.
Mortified, insensible; II. iii. 15.
Mother, i.e. Hysterica passio, hysteria; II. iv. 56.
Motion, thrust, impulse; II. i. 52.
Motley, the parti-coloured dress of the fool or jester; I. iv. 160.
Mouths; "made m.," made grimaces; III. ii. 36.
Much, great; II. ii. 148.
Mumbling of, mumbling (Quartos, "*warbling*"); II. i. 41.

Natural, used in the two senses of the word; II. i. 86.
Naught, naughty, wicked; II. iv. 136.
Naughty, bad; III. iv. 115.
Neat, finical, foppish, spruce; II. ii. 45.
Need of, have need of, need; II. iv. 241.
Nero (Upton conj. "*Trajan,*" because, according to Rabelais, Nero is a fiddler in hell, and Trajan a fisher of frogs); III. vi. 7.
Nether, committed on earth; IV. ii. 79.
Nether-stocks, short stockings (Quarto 2, "*neather-stockes*"); II. iv. 11.
Nicely, with the greatest exactness; II. ii. 110.
Nighted, darkened; IV. v. 13.
Nine-fold, "nine imps" (? = nine foals); III. iv. 126.
Noiseless, devoid of noise betokening preparations for war; IV. ii. 56.
Nor, neither; III. ii. 15.
Note; "take this n.," take note of this, observe this; IV. v. 29.
——, notice; II. i. 85.
Noted, noticed; I. iv. 81.
Nothing; "I n. am," I cease to be; II. iii. 21.
"*Nothing will come of nothing,*" an allusion to the old proverb, "*ex nihilo nihil fit*"; I. i. 92.
Notice, attention, countenance; II. iv. 252.
Notion, intellectual power, mind; I. iv. 248.
Nuncle, "the customary address of a licensed fool to his superiors"; I. iv. 117.
Nursery, nursing; I. i. 126.

Object; "your best o.," the delight of your eye"; I. i. 217.
Obscured, disguised; II. ii. 175.
Observants, obsequious courtiers; II. ii. 109.
Occasions, causes; II. i. 122.
Œillades, glances of the eye (Quartos, "*aliads*"; Folio 1, "*Eliads*"; Folios 2, 3, 4 "*Iliads*"); IV. v. 25.
O'erlook, read over; V. i. 50.

O'er-looking, looking over; I. ii. 40.
O'erpaid, to be overpaid; IV. vii. 4.
O'er-read, read over; I. ii. 38.
O'er-watch'd, worn out, exhausted with watching; II. ii. 177.
Of, from; IV. vii. 31.
Offend, injure; I. i. 310.
Office, duty, service; II. iv. 107.
'Old, wold; III. iv. 125.
Oldness, old age; I. ii. 50.
On, of, I. i. 144; III. vi. 57; V. iii. 250.
——, at; II. ii. 28.
——, "our wishes on the way," *i.e.* expressed to each other on the way hither; IV. ii. 14.
On 't, of it; II. i. 29.
Ope, open; V. i. 40.
Operative, effective; IV. iv. 14.
Oppose; "make o.," compel to fight against us; V. i. 27.
Opposeless, not to be opposed, irresistible; IV. vi. 38.
Opposite, adverse, hostile; II. i. 51.
Opposites, opponents; V. iii. 42.
Ordinance, divine law; IV. i. 71.
Or ere, before; II. iv. 289.
Other, others; I. iv. 221.
Out, abroad; I. i. 33.
Out-wall, outward appearance; III. i. 45.
Overture, opening, disclosure; III. vii. 89.
O, well flown bird! a phrase taken from falconry, here used figuratively for an arrow; IV. vi. 92.
Owes, possesses; I. i. 205.
Owest, dost own; I. iv. 133.

Pack, make off; II. iv. 81.
Packings, plottings; III. i. 26.
Packs, confederacies; V. iii. 18.
Pain, pains, labour, lies; III. i. 53.
'Parel, apparel; IV. i. 51.
Particular; "for his p.," as regards himself personally; II. iv. 295.
——, personal; V. i. 30.
Party, side (Quartos "*Lady*"); IV. v. 40.
Party; "intelligent p.," party intelligent to; III. v. 12.
——, "upon his p.," on his side; II. i. 28.
Pass, pass away, die; IV. vi. 47.
Pass upon, pass sentence upon; III. vii. 24.
Pat, just to the purpose, in the nick of time; I. ii. 146.
Pawn, a stake hazarded in a wager; I. i. 157.
Pawn down, pledge; I. ii. 92.
Peace, hold its peace; IV. vi. 104.
Pelican; the pelican is supposed to feed her young with her own blood; III. iv. 77.
Pelting, paltry; II. iii. 18.
Pendulous, hanging, impending; III. iv. 69.
Perdu, lost one; IV. vii. 35.
Perdy, a corruption of Fr. *par Dieu*; II. iv. 85.
Perfect, mature; I. ii. 77.
Perforce, of necessity; IV. ii. 49.

Period, end, termination; V. iii. 204.

Perséver, the older pronunciation of the word *persevere*; III. v. 21.

Persian attire, alluding to the gorgeous robes of the East (used ironically); (Folios, "*Persian*"); III. vi. 85.

Piece, master-piece, model; IV. vi. 137.

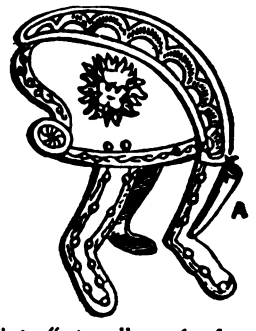
Pieced, added; I. i. 202.

Pight, firmly resolved; II. i. 67.

Plate, "clothe in plate armour" (Folios, "*place*"; corrected by Theobald); IV. vi. 169.

Plight, troth-plight; I. i. 103.

Plumed helm; IV. ii. 57. *Cp* the annexed cut from a print depicting the triumph of the Emperor Maximilian I., c. 1519. The second illustration shows the socket (A) in which the plume was held, and is from a specimen in the Londesborough collection.



Pillicock, properly a term of endearment used in old nursery rhymes; suggested by "pelican"; III. iv. 78.

Plackets, part of a woman's attire; III. iv. 100.

Plague; "stand in the p. of," perhaps, be plagued by (Warburton, "*plage*" = place; Simpson conj. "*place*," etc.); I. ii. 3.

Plain, complain; III. i. 39.

Plaited, folded (Quartos 1, 2, "*pleated*"; Folios, "*plighted*"); I. i. 283.

Point; "at p.," ready for any emergency; I. iv. 347.

——, "at p.," on the point of, prepared; III. i. 33.

Poise, moment (Quartos 2, 3, Folios, "*prize*"; Hanmer, "*pieze*"); II. i. 122.

Policy and reverence; "policy of holding in reverence" (Schmidt); I. ii. 48.

Port, harbour; II. iii. 3.

Portable, bearable; III. vi. 115.

Ports, gates, (?) harbours; II. i. 82.

Potency, power; I. i. 175.

Potential, powerful; II. i. 78.
Pother, turmoil; III. ii. 50.
Power, armed force; III. i. 30.
Practice, plotting, stratagem; II. i. 75.
——, stratagem, artifice; II. iv. 116.
Practices, plots; I. ii. 198.
Practised on, plotted against; III. ii. 57.
Predominance, influence; I. ii. 134.
Prefer, recommend; I. i. 277.
Pregnant, ready, easily moved; II. i. 78; IV. vi. 227.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 109.
Press-money, money given to a soldier when pressed into service; IV. vi. 87.
Pretence, intention, purpose; I. ii. 95.
——, "very p.," deliberate intion; I. iv. 75.
Prevent, to anticipate and checkmate; III. iv. 164.
Proceedings, course of action; V. i. 32.
Profess, pretend; (?) with play upon "profess" = "to set up for"; I. iv. 14.
——; "what dost thou p.," what is thy trade, profession; I. iv. 12.
Professed, full of professions; I. i. 275.
Proper, handsome; I. i. 18.
——, "p. deformity," moral depravity which is natural to him (*i.e.* the fiend); IV. ii. 60.
Puissant, powerful, masterful; V. iii. 216.
Puppet, used perhaps contemptuously for a wanton; II. ii. 39.
Pur, imitation of the noise made by a cat (but "Purre" also the name of a devil in Harsnet); III. vi. 47.
Put on, encourage; I. iv. 227.
——, incited to; II. i. 101.

Quality, nature, disposition; II. iv. 93; II. iv. 139.
Quality, rank; V. iii. 110, 120.
Queasy, ticklish; II. i. 19.
Question, matter, cause; V. iii. 58.
——, "bear q.," bear to be argued about; V. iii. 33.
Questrists, searchers; III. vii. 17.
Quicken, come to life; III. vii. 39.
Quit, requite, revenge; III. vii. 87.
Quit you, acquit yourself; II. i. 32.

Raging, angry, furious (Folios, "*roaring*"); III. iv. 10.
Rake up, cover with earth; IV. vi. 281.
Rank, gross, flagrant; I. iv. 223.
Razed, erased; I. iv. 4.
Reason, argue; II. iv. 267.
Reason'd, argued, talked about; V. i. 28.
Regards, considerations (Quartos, "*respects*"); I. i. 242.
Remediate, healing; IV. iv. 17.
Remember; "r. thyself," confess thy sins; IV. vi. 233.
Rememberest, remindest; I. iv. 72.

Remorse, compassion, pity; IV. ii. 73.
Remotion, removal; II. iv. 115.
Remove, removal; II. iv. 4.
Renege, deny (Folio 1, "*Reuenge*"; Schmidt, "*Renegue*"); II. ii. 84.
Repeals, recalls; III. vi. 120.
Reposure, attributing; the act of reposing (Quartos, "*could the reposure*"; Folios, "*would the reposal*"); II. i. 70.
Reproveable, blameable; III. v. 9.
Resolution; "due r.," freedom from doubt; I. ii. 108.
Resolve me, tell me, satisfy me; II. iv. 25.
Respect; "do r.," show respect, reverence (Folios, "*respects*"); II. ii. 137.
——, "upon r.," deliberately; II. iv. 24.
Respects, consideration, motive; I. i. 251.
Rest; "set my r.," repose myself (derived probably from the game of cards = to stand upon the cards in one's hand); I. i. 125.
Retention, custody; V. iii. 47.
Return; "make r.," return; II. iv. 153.
Revenging, avenging, taking vengeance (Quartos, "*reuengiue*"); II. i. 47.
Reverbs, reverberates, re-echoes; I. i. 156.
Reverend, old (Quarto 2, "*vnreuerent*"); II. ii. 133.
Rich'd, enriched; I. i. 65.
Rings, sockets; V. iii. 189.
Ripeness, readiness; V. ii. 11.
Rivall'd; "hath r.," hath been rival; I. i. 194.
Roundest, most direct, plain est; I. iv. 58.
Rubb'd, hindered (a term in the game of bowls); II. ii 161.
Ruffle; "do r.," are boisterou (Quartos, "*russel,* "*rus sell*"; Capell, "*rustle*"); II iv. 304.

Safer, sounder, more sober IV. vi. 81.
Saint Withold, a corruption o Saint Vitalis, who was sup posed to protect from night mare (Quartos, "*swithald*" Folios, "*swithold*"); III. iv 125.
Sallets, sallads; III. iv. 137.
Salt; "a man of s.," a man o tears; IV. vi. 199.
Samphire, sea-fennel; IV. vi 15.
Save thee, God save thee; II i. 1.
Savour but, have only a relish for; IV. ii. 39.
Saw, saying, proverb; II. ii 167.
Say, assay, proof (Pope "*'say*"); V. iii. 143.
Scant, fall short in; II. iv. 142
——, diminish; II. iv. 178.
Scanted, grudged; I. i. 281.
Scatter'd, disunited; III. i. 31.
Scythian, considered as a type of cruelty; I. i. 118.

Sea-monster, perhaps an allusion to the hippopotamus or the whale; I. iv. 283.
Sectary, disciple; I. ii. 164.
Secure, make careless; IV. i. 22.
Seeming, hypocrisy; III. ii. 56.
——, "little seeming," seemingly small, little in appearance; I. i. 201.
Self, self-same; I. i. 70.
Self-cover'd; "thou s. thing," thou who a woman hast disguised thyself in this diabolical shape (Theobald, "*self-converted*"; Crosby, "*sex-cover'd*"); IV. ii. 62.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 34-35, Stage Direc.
Sequent, consequent, following; I. ii. 115.
Servant, lover; IV. vi. 275.
Sessa, onward! (probably a hunting term); III. vi. 77.
Set, stake, wager; I. iv. 136.
Settling; "till further s.," till his mind is more composed; IV. vii. 82.
Seven stars, the Pleiades; I. v. 38.
Shadowy, shady (Quartos, "*shady*"); I. i. 65.
Shealed peascod, shelled peapod; I. iv. 219.
Shows, seems, appears; I. iv. 265.
Shrill-gorged, shrill-throated; IV. vi. 58.
Simple; "simple answerer," simply answerer (Folios, "*simple answer'd*"); III. vii. 43.
Simples, medicinal herbs; IV. iv. 14.
Simular; "s. man of virtue," man who counterfeitest virtue; III. ii. 54.
Sir, man ("that sir which," Folio 4, "*that, sir, which*"); II. iv. 78.
Sith, since (Quartos, "*since*"); I. i. 183.
Sizes, allowance; II. iv. 178.
Slack you, neglect their duty to you; II. iv. 248.
Slaves, treats as a slave ("by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest"); IV. i. 71.
Sleep out, sleep away (Quarto 1, "*sleep ont*"); II. ii. 163.
Sliver, tear off like a branch from a tree; IV. ii. 34.
Smile, smile at, laugh to scorn (Folios and Quartos, "*smoile*" or "*smoyle*"); II. ii. 88.
Smilets, smiles; IV. iii. 21.
Smooth, flatter, humour; II. ii. 81.
Smug, trim, spruce; IV. vi. 202.
Smulking, a fiend's name, borrowed from Harsnet's category of devils (Quartos, "*snulbug*"; Theobald, "*Smolkin*"); III. iv. 146.
Snuff, flickering old age; IV. vi. 39.
Snuffs, quarrels, "huffs"; III. i. 26.
So, so be it; II. ii. 106.
Soiled; "s. horse," said of "a horse turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass"; IV. vi. 124.

Something, somewhat; I. i. 21.
Some, someone; III. i. 37.
Sometime, once, former; I. i. 122.
——, sometimes (Folios, "*sometimes*"); II. iii. 19.
Soothe, humour; III. iv. 182.
Sophisticated, adulterated, not genuine; III. iv. 110.
Sop o' the Moonshine; probably alluding to the dish called *eggs in moonshine, i.e.* "eggs broken and boiled in salad-oil till the yolks became hard; they were eaten with slices of onion fried in oil, butter, verjuice, nutmeg, and salt"; II. ii. 34.
Sot, blockhead; IV. ii. 8.
Space, i.e. "space in general, the world"; I. i. 57.
Speak for, call for; I. iv. 267.
Speculations, scouts (Johnson, "*speculators*"; Collier MS., "*spectators*"); III. i. 24.
Speed you, God speed you; IV. vi. 212.
Spherical, planetary (Quartos, "*spiritual*"); I. ii. 134.
Spill, destroy; III. ii. 8.
Spite of intermission, in spite of interruption; II. iv. 33.
Spoil, wasting, ruining; II. i. 102.
Spurs, incentives, incitements (Folios, "*spirits*"); II. i. 78.
Square; "the most precious s. of sense," *i.e.* "the most delicately sensitive part" (Wright); I. i. 75.
Squints, makes to squint; III. iv. 122.
Squiny, squint; IV. vi. 140.
Squire-like, like a squire, attendant; II. iv. 217.
Stands; "s. on the hourly thought," is hourly expected; IV. vi. 218.
Stand's, stands his (Quartos 2, 3, "*stand his*"; Folios, "*stand*"); II. i. 42.
Stands on, it becomes, is incumbent on; V. i. 69.
Star-blasting, blighting by the influence of the stars; III. iv. 60.
Stelled, starry; III. vii. 61.
Still, continually, always; III. iv. 181.
Still-soliciting, ever begging; I. i. 234.
Stirs; "who s.?" does no one stir?; I. i. 128.
Stock'd, put in the stocks (Folios, "*stockt*"; Quarto 1, "*struck*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*strucke*"); II. iv. 191.
Stocking, putting in the stocks (Quartos "*Stopping*"); II. ii. 139.
Stock-punished, punished by being set in the stocks (Folios, "*stockt, punish'd*"); III. iv. 140.
Stomach, anger, resentment; V. iii. 74.
Stone, crystal; V. iii. 262.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. iv. 35.
Strain, descent, race; V. iii. 40.
Strain'd, excessive (Quartos, "*straied*"); I. i. 172.
Stranger'd, estranged; I. i. 207.

tray; "make such a s.," go so far astray; I. i. 212.
trength; "in my s.," with power from me, with my authority; II. i. 114.
trings of life, heart-strings; V. iii. 216.
trong and fasten'd, determined and hardened (so Quartos; Folios, "*O strange and fast'ned*"); II. i. 79.
ubscribed, surrendered (Folios, "*Prescrib'd*"); I. ii. 24.
—, forgiven; III. vii. 65.
ubscription, submission; III. ii. 18.
ucceed, come true, follow; I. ii. 156.
uccess; "good s.," favourable result, issue; V. iii. 194.
ufferance, suffering; III. vi. 113.
uggestion, prompting, tempting; II. i. 75.
uited, clad, dressed; IV. vii. 6.
umpter, pack-horse, hence a drudge; II. iv. 219.
uperfluous, having too much; IV. i. 70.
uperflux, superfluity; III. iv. 35.
uperserviceable, one who is above his work (Folios, "*superserviceable, finical*"; Quartos, "*superfinicall*"); II. ii. 19.
upposed, pretended; V. iii. 113.
ustain, support; V. iii. 320.
ustaining, nourishing; IV. iv. 6.
wear'st, swearest by; I. i. 163.

aint, disgrace; I. i. 224.
Taken, overtaken; I. iv. 353.
Taking, infection; III. iv. 61.
—, "my t.," to capture me; II. iii. 5.
—, bewitching, blasting; II. iv. 166.
Taking off, slaughter, death; V. i. 65.
Taste, test, trial; I. ii. 47.
Tell, count, recount; II. iv. 55.
Temperance, self-restraint, calmness; IV. vii. 24.
Tend, wait on; II. iv. 266.
Tend upon, wait upon; II. i. 97.
Tender, regard, care for; I. iv. 230.
Tender-hefted, tenderly framed; II. iv. 174.
Terrible, terrified, affrighted; I. ii. 32.
That, in that; I. i. 73.
There; "are you there with me?" is that what you mean?; IV. vi. 148.
This, this time forth; I. i. 118.
This's = this is (Quartos, Folios, "*this*"); IV. vi. 187.
Thought-executing; "doing execution with rapidity equal to thought"; III. ii. 4.
Threading, passing through (like a thread through the eye of a needle); (Folios, "*thredding*"; Quartos, "*threatning*"; Theobald conj. "*treading*"); II. i. 121.
Three-suited, used contemptuously for a beggarly person; probably, having three suits of apparel a year; or the allowance from a master to his servant; II. ii. 16.

Throughly, thoroughly; IV. vii. 97.
Thwart, perverse (Quartos, "*thourt*"); I. iv. 305.
Tike, a small dog; III. vi. 73.
Time, life; I. i. 298.
Times; "best of our t.," best part of our lives; I. ii. 49.
Tithing, district, ward; III. iv. 140.
To, as to; III. i. 52.
——, against; IV. ii. 75.
——, into; II. iv. 120.
Toad-spotted; "tainted and polluted with venom like the toad"; V. iii. 138.
Tom o' Bedlam, "the common name of vagabond beggars, either mad or feigning to be so"; I. ii. 148.
Took, taken; V. iii. 105.
Top, head; II. iv. 165.
——, overtop, surpass; V. iii. 207.
Toward, at hand; IV. vi. 213.
Towards, to; I. i. 193.
Train, retinue (Folios "*number*"); II. iv. 63.
Tranced, entranced; V. iii. 218.
Treachers, traitors (Quartos, "*Trecherers*"); I. ii. 133.
Trick, peculiarity, characteristic; IV. vi. 108.
Trifle; "on every tr.," on every trifling opportunity; I. iii. 8.
Trill'd, trickled; IV. iii. 14.
Troop with, accompany, follow in the train of; I. i. 134.
Trowest, knowest; I. iv. 135.
Trumpet, trumpeter (Folio 1, "*Trumper*"); V. iii. 107.
Trundle-tail, a curly-tailed dog; III. vi. 73.
Trust, reliance; II. i. 117.
Tucket, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. i. 80-81.
Tune, humour; IV. iii. 41.
Turlygod, a name given to mad beggars; possibly a corruption of "Turlupin," the name of a fraternity of naked beggars in the 14th century (Quarto 1, "*Tuelygod*"; Theobald, "*Turlygood*"; Warburton conj. "*Turlupin*"); II. iii. 20.
Turns; "by due t.," in turn; I. i. 137.

Unaccommodated, unsupplied with necessaries; III. iv. 111.
Unbolted, unsifted, coarse; II. ii. 71.
Unbonneted, with uncovered head; III. i. 14.
Unconstant, inconstant, fickle; I. i. 304.
Undistinguish'd, indistinguishable, boundless; IV. vi. 278.
Unkind, unnatural, I. i. 263; III. iv. 73.
Unnumber'd, innumerable; IV. vi. 21.
Unpossessing, landless; II. i. 69.
Unprized, not appreciated, or, perhaps, priceless; I. i. 262.
Unremoveable, immovable; II. iv. 94.
Unsanctified, wicked; IV. vi. 281.
Unspoke, unspoken; I. i. 239.

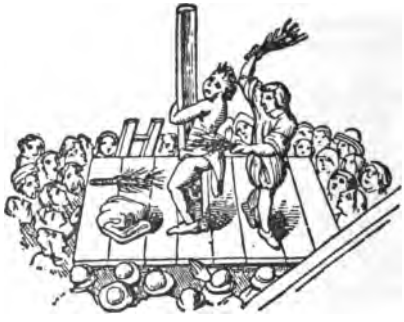
Unstate, deprive of estate; I. ii. 108.
Untented, incurable; I. iv. 322.
Untimely, inopportunely; III. vii. 98.
Upon, against; III. vi. 96.
Upward, top; V. iii. 136.
Usage, treatment; II. iv. 26.

Validity, value; I. i. 83.
Vanity the Puppet's Part; "alluding to the old moralities or allegorical plays, in which Vanity, Iniquity, and other vices were personified" (Johnson); II. ii. 39.
Varlet, rascal; II. ii. 30.
Vary, change; II. ii. 85.
Vaunt-couriers, forerunners (Quartos, "*vaunt-currers*"; Folios, "*Vaunt-curriors*"; Capell, "*Vant-couriers*"); III. ii. 5.
Venge, avenge; IV. ii. 80.
Villain, serf, servant; III. vii. 78.
Virtue, valour; V. iii. 103.
Vulgar, commonly known; IV. vi. 214.

Wage, wage war, struggle, II. iv. 212; stake, I. i. 158.
Wagtail, the name of a bird; II. ii. 73.
Wake, waking; III. ii. 34.
Wall-newt, lizard; III. iv. 135.
Wash'd; "w. eyes," eyes washed with tears; I. i. 271.
Waste, wasting, squandering; II. i. 102.
Water, water-newt; III. iv. 135.
Waterish, abounding with rivers (used contemptuously); I. i. 261.
Wawl, cry, wail; IV. vi. 184.
Ways; "come your w.," come on; II. ii. 42.
Weal; "wholesome w.," healthy commonwealth; I. iv. 230.
Web and the Pin, a disease of the eye, cataract; III. iv. 122.
Weeds, garments, dress; IV. vii. 7.
Well-favour'd, handsome, good-looking; II. iv. 259.
What, who; V. iii. 119.
Wheel, the wheel of fortune; V. iii. 174.
Whelk'd, swollen, protruding like whelks; IV. vi. 71.
Where (used substantively); I. i. 264.
——, whereas; I. ii. 89.
Which, who; IV. vi. 215.
White Herring, fresh herrings (? pickled herring, as in Northern dialects); III. vi. 33.
Who, which; I. ii. 53.
Whoop, Jug! I love thee, probably a line from an old song; I. iv. 232.
Wield, manage, express; I. i. 56.
Wind; "w. me into him," *i.e.* worm yourself into his confidence ("*me,*" used redundantly); I. ii. 106.
Window'd, holes forming windows; III. iv. 31.
Wisdom of nature, natural philosophy; I. ii. 113.

With, by; II. iv. 256.
Wits; "five w.," the five intellectual powers (common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory); III. iv. 59.
Wont, accustomed to be; I. iv. 64.
Wooden pricks, skewers; II. iii. 16.
Word, pass-word; IV. vi. 93.
——, word of mouth; IV. v. 20.
Worships, dignity; I. iv. 288.
Worsted-stocking, worn by the lower classes and serving-men in distinction to silk ones which were worn by the gentry; II. ii. 15.
Worth; "are w.," deserve; I. i. 282.
Worthied him, won him reputation; II. ii. 128.
Would, should; II. i. 70.
Writ, warrant; V. iii. 245.
Write happy, consider yourself fortunate; V. ii. 35.
Wrote, written; I. ii. 93.

Yeoman, a freeholder not advanced to the rank of a gentleman; III. vi. 11.
Yoke-fellow, companion; III. vi. 39.



Unwhipp'd of Justice (III. ii. 53).
From an engraving by H. Cock, c. 1550.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 40. '*from our age*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*of our state.*'

I. i. 41-46. ('*while we . . . now*'); 50-51, 164; I. ii. 18 ('*fine word, legitimate*'); 48 ('*and reverence*'); 118-124; I. iv. 6 ('*so may it come*'); 282; 331-342; omitted in Quartos.

I. i. 54. '*Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril*'; so Folios. Quartos read, '*Where merit doth most challenge it.*'

I. i. 63. '*do*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*speak.*'

I. i. 79. '*Ponderous*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*richer.*'

I. i. 85. '*the last, not least*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*our last and least.*'

I. i. 106; I. ii. 102-104; ii. 155-163 ('*as of unnaturalness . . . come*'); 182 ('*go armed*'); I. iii. 17-21; 24-25; I. iv. 154-169; 239; 252-256; omitted in Folios.

I. i. 112. '*mysteries,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Quartos, '*mistresse*'; Folio 1, '*miseries.*'

I. i. 148. '*What wouldst thou do, old man?*'; "This is spoken on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell); Folios 1, 2, 3, '*wouldest*'; Quartos, '*wilt.*'

I. i. 151. '*stoops to folly*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*falls to folly*' (Folio 3, '*fall to folly*'): '*Reverse thy doom*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*reserue thy state.*'

I. i. 169. '*recreant*'; omitted in Quartos.

I. i. 176. '*five*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*Foure.*'

I. i. 178. '*sixth*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*fift.*'

I. i. 191. This line is given to Cordelia in Folios.

I. i. 236. '*Better*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*go to, go to, better.*'

I. i. 251. '*respects of fortune*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*respect and fortunes.*'

I. i. 282. '*want*'; Quartos, '*worth.*' Theobald explains the Folio reading, "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to want for our Father."

I. i. 284. *'shame them derides'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'with shame derides'*; Warburton, *'with shame abides,'* etc.

I. i. 292. *'hath not been'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'hath been.'*

I. ii. 10. So Folios; Quartos read, *'with base, base bastardie.'*

I. ii. 21. *'top the'*; Edward's conj. of Quartos 1, 2, *'tooth'*; Quarto 3, *'tooth'*; Folios 1, 2, *'to'th'*; Folios 3, 4, *'to th','* etc.

I. ii. 68. *'that,' i.e.* the matter, contents.

I. ii. 111. *'These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good'*; *v.* Preface.

I. ii. 129. *'surfeit'*; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2, 3, *'surfet'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'surfets'*; Folio 4, *'surfeits'*; Collier conj. *'forfeit.'*

I. ii. 177-183. *'That's my fear . . . Brother,'* so Folios; Quartos read, *'That's my feare brother,'* omitting rest of speech.

I. iii. 21. *'With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused'*; Tyrwhitt's explanation seems the most plausible, "with checks, as well as flatterers, when they (*i.e.* flatterers) are seen to be abused." The emendators have been busy with the line without much success.

I. iv. 101. *'Kent. Why, fool?'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read *'Lear. Why my Boy?'*

I. iv. 158. *'Ladies'*; Capell's emendation; Quartos, *'lodes'*; Collier, *'loads.'*

I. iv. 165. *'Thou borest thine ass on thy back.' Cp.* the annexed cut from Hans Sachs's rhyming paraphrase of the well-known Æsopian fable, c. 1550.

I. iv. 236. *'Ha! waking?'* Quartos read *'sleeping or waking; ha! sure.'*

II. i. 11-13. Omitted in Quartos 2, 3.

II. i. 48. *'their thunders'*; so the Quartos; Folios, *'the thunder'*; Johnson, *'their thunder.'*

II. i. 60. *'dispatch'*; *i.e.* 'dispatch him'; or perhaps, 'dispatch is the word.'

II. i. 72. *'what I should deny'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'What should I deny'*; Rowe, *'by what I should deny'*; Hanmer, *'what I'd deny'*; Warburton, *'when I should deny'*; Schmidt, *'what, should I deny.'*

II. i. 80. *'I never got him'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'said he!'*

II. i. 99. *'of that consort'*; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 102. *'the waste and spoil of his'*; Quarto 1, *'the wast and spoyle of his'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'these—and waste of this his'*; Quarto 1 (Dev. and Cap.) *'these—and waste of this his'*; Folio 1, *'th' expense and wast of his'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'th' expence and wast of.'*

II. ii. 59. *'hours'*; Folios, *'years.'*

II. ii. 75. *'Which are too intrinse to unloose'*; Folio 1, *'are t' intrince'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'art t'intrince'*; Quartos, *'are to intrench'*; Pope, *'Too intricate'*; Theobald, *'Too 'intrinsecate'*; Hanmer, *'too intrinsick'*: *'to unloose'*; Folios, *'t'unloose'*; Quartos, *'to inloose'*; Seymour conj. *'to enloose.'*

II. ii. 142-146. *'His fault . . . punish'd with'*; omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 146. *'the king must take it ill'*; Folios read, *'the King his Master, needs must take it ill.'*

II. ii. 151. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 162-163. *'out of heaven's benediction comest To the warm sun'*; *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*; *'In your rennyng from hym to me, ye runne out of God's blessing into the warm sunne'*; *i.e.* from good to worse. Professor Skeat suggests to me that the proverb refers to the haste of the congregation to leave the shelter of the church, immediately after the priest's benediction, running from God's blessing into the warm sun. This explanation seems by far the best that has been suggested.

II. ii. 166. *'miracles'*; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, 3, *'my wracke'*; Quarto 1 (Bodl.), *'my rackles.'*

II. ii. 169-171. *'and shall . . . remedies'*; many emendations have been proposed to remove the obscurity of the lines, but none can be considered satisfactory. Kent, it must be remembered, is 'all weary and o'erwatched.' Jennens suggested that Kent is reading disjointed fragments of Cordelia's letter. *'From this enormous state'* seems to mean 'in this abnormal state of affairs.'

II. iv. 19-20. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 99-100; 142-147. Omitted in Quartos.

II. iv. 103. *'commands her service'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'commands, tends, service.'*

II. iv. 170. *'and blast her pride'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'and blister'*; Collier MS. and S. Walker conj. *'and blast her'*; Schmidt conj. *'and blister pride.'*

II. iv. 174. *'tender-hefted'*; so Folios; Quarto 2, *'tender hested'*; Quarto 1, *'teder hested'*; Quarto 3, *'tender hasted'*; Rowe (Ed. 2) and Pope, *'tender-hearted'*; etc.

II. iv. 303. *'bleak'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'high.'*

III. i. 7-15; vi. 18-59; 104-108 (*'oppressed . . . behind'*); 109-122; vii. 99-107; omitted in the Folios.

III. i. 22-29; ii. 79-96; iv. 17-18; 26-27; 37-38; vi. 13-16; 92; omitted in the Quartos.

III. ii. 7. *'smite'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'strike.'*

III. ii. 9. *'make'*; Folios, *'makes.'*

III. ii. 22. *'have . . . join'd'*; the reading of Quartos; Folios read *'will . . . join.'*

III. ii. 37. *'No, I will be the pattern of all patience'*; *cp.* the description of Leir by Perillus in the old play:—*'But he, the myrrour of mild patience, Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply.'*

III. ii. 64. *'More harder than the stones'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'More hard than is the stone.'*

III. ii. 73. *'That's sorry'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'That sorrowes.'*

III. ii. 74-77. *Cp.* Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*, V. vi. 398.

III. ii. 95. *'I live before his time'*; according to the legend, Lear was contemporary with Joash, King of Judah. The whole prophecy, which does not occur in the Quartos, was probably an interpolation, tacked on by the actor who played the fool. The passage is an imitation of some lines formerly attributed to Chaucer, called *'Chaucer's Prophecy.'*

III. iv. 6. *'contentious'*; so Folios; Quarto 1 (some copies), *'tempestious'*; Quartos 2, 3, and Quarto 1 (some copies), *'crulentious.'*

III. iv. 29. *'storm'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'night.'*

III. iv. 47. *'Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind,'* probably the burden of an old song.

III. iv. 54-55. *'knives under his pillow and halters in his pew'* (to tempt him to suicide). Theobald pointed out that the allusion is to an incident mentioned in Harsnet's *Declaration.*

III. iv. 81. *'thy word justly'*; Pope's emendation; Quartos read, *'thy words justly'*; Folio 1, *'thy words Iustice.'*

III. iv. 102. *'sessa'*; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, *'Sesey'*; Quarto 1, *'caese'*; Quarto 2, *'cease'*; Capell, *'sesse'*; etc.

III. iv. 141-142. *Cp. 'The Romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun'*:—

> *"Rattes and myce and suche small dere,*
> *Was his meate that seuen yere."*

III. iv. 184-186. *'Child Rowland to the dark tower came,'* etc. Jamieson, in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities* (1814), has preserved the story as told him by a tailor in his youth; this Scottish Version has since been reprinted and studied (*Cp.* Childs' *English and Scottish Ballads,* and Jacob's *English Fairy Tales*).

III. iv. 185. *'His word was still'* refers, of course, to the giant, and not to Childe Rowland. The same story (with the refrain *Fee fo fum, Here is the Englishman*) is alluded to in Peele's *Old Wives Tale,* and it is just possible that it may be the ultimate original of the plot of Milton's *Comus* (*v.* Preface, on *British* for *English*).

III. vi. 27. *'Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.'* Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 305, note) says, "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled, 'A Songe betwene the Quene's Majestie and England,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:—

> *"Come over the born, Bessy, come over the born, Bessy,*
> *Swete Bessy, come over to me."*

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany,* X. 260.

III. vi. 43-46. Put into verse by Theobald. Steevens quotes a line from an old song,

> *"Sleepeyst thou, wakyst thou, Jeffery Coke,"*

found in *'The Interlude of the Four Elements'* (1519).

III. vi. 79. *'Thy horn is dry.'* "A horn was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him" (Malone), etc.

III. vi. 97-110. "Every editor from Theobald downwards," as the Cambridge editors observe, "except Hanmer, has reprinted this speech from the Quartos. In deference to this concensus of authority we have retained it, though, as it seems to us, internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare."

III. vii. 58. *'stick,'* the reading of Folios; Quartos, *'rash.'*

III. vii. 63. *'howl'd that stern'*; Quartos, *'heard that dearne'*; Capell, *'howl'd that dearn'* ('dearn' = obscure, dark, gloomy).

III. vii. 65. *'All cruels else subscribed'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'subscribe.'* The passage has been variously interpreted; the weight of authority favouring the Folio reading. Schmidt's explanation being perhaps the most plausible:—"Everything which is at other times cruel, shows feeling of regard; you alone have not done so." Furness makes the words part of the speech addressed to the porter, "acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times"; or "give up all cruel things else; *i.e.* forget that they are cruel." This approximates to the interpretation given by Mr. Wright to the reading in the text, "all their other cruelties being yielded or forgiven."

IV. i. 6-9. *'welcome . . . blasts'*; vi. 169-174 (*'Plate . . . lips'*); vii. 61; omitted in the Quartos.

IV. i. 12. *'Life would not yield to age,' i.e.* life would not gladly lapse into old age and death.

IV. i. 38. *'Kill'*; Quarto 1, *'bitt'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'bit'* (probably an error for *'hit'*).

IV. i. 60-65; ii. 31-50, 53-59, 62-68, 69; iii. (the whole scene); vii. 24-25, 33-36, 79-80, 85-98, omitted in the Folios.

IV. ii. 28. *'My fool usurps my body'*; so Folios; Quarto 1, *'A foole usurps my bed'*; Quarto 2, *'My foote usurps my head'*; Malone, *'My fool usurps my bed.'*

IV. ii. 47. *'tame these vile offences'*; Schmidt conj. *'take the vild offenders'*; Heath conj. *'these vile'*; Quarto 1, *'this vild'*; Pope, *'the vile.'*

IV. ii. 57. *'thy state begins to threat'*; Jennens conj.; Quarto 1, *'thy state begins thereat'*; Quartos 2, 3, *'thy slaier begins thrcats'*; Theobald, *'thy slayer begins his threats,'* etc.

IV. ii. 68. *'your manhood! mew!'*; some copies of Quarto 1 read *'manhood mew'*; others *'manhood now'*; so the later Quartos; according to the present reading *'mew'* is evidently a catlike interjection of contempt.

IV. iii. 20. *'like a better way'*; so Quartos; the passage seems to mean that her smiles and tears resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner; many emendations have been proposed—*'like a wetter May'* (Warburton); *'like a better May'* (Malone); *'like;—a better way'* (Boaden), etc.

IV. iii. 30. *'Let pity not be believed'*; Pope, *'Let pity ne'er believe it'*; Capell, *'Let it not be believed'* (but *'believed'* ='believed to exist').

IV. iii. 32. *'clamour moisten'd'*; Capell's reading; Quartos,

'And clamour moistened her'; Theobald, *'And, clamour-motion'd'*; Grant White, *'And, clamour-moisten'd,'* etc.

IV. v. 4. *'lord'*; so Folios; Quartos read, *'lady.'*

IV. vi. 98-99. *'I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there'*; *i.e.* "I had the wisdom of age before I had attained to that of youth" (Capell).

IV. vi. 225. *'tame to'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'lame by.'*

IV. vii. 32. *'opposed against the warring winds'*; Quartos, *'Exposd'*; Folios, *'jarring.'*

IV. vii. 36. *'Mine enemy's'*; Folios, *'Mine Enemies'*; Quartos 1, 2, *'Mine iniurious'*; Quarto 2, *'Mine injurious'*; Theobald, *'My very enemy's,'* etc.

IV. vii. 79. *'kill'd'*; so Folios; Quartos, *'cured'*; Collier conj. *'quell'd.'*

V. i. 11-13, 18-19, 23-28, 33; iii. 38-39, 47, 54-59. 102, 109, 204-221, omitted in the Folios.

V. i. 46. *'and . . . ceases'*; iii. 76, 90, 144, 282, omitted in the Quartos.

V. i. 25-26. Mason's conj. *'Not the old king'* for *'not bolds the king'* is worthy of mention. Albany's point is that the invading enemy is France and not the wronged king, together with others whom heavy causes compel to fight against them; otherwise *'not bolds the king'* = 'not as it emboldens the king,' an awkward and harsh construction.

V. ii. 5. Mr. Spedding (*New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, Part I.) plausibly suggested that the Fifth Act really begins here, and that the battle takes place between Edgar's exit and re-entrance, the imagination having leisure to fill with anxiety for the issue.

V. iii. 76. *'the walls are thine'*; Theobald conj. *'they all are thine'* (but perhaps the castle-walls are referred to).

V. iii. 93. *'prove it'*; so Quartos; Folios, *'make it'*; Anon. conj. *'mark it'*; Collier MS., *'make good.'*

V. iii. 96. *'medicine,'* Folios; Quartos, *'poyson.'*

V. iii. 129-130. *'the privilege of mine honours'*; Pope's reading; Quartos read *'the priuiledge of my tongue'*; Folios, *'my priuiledge, The priuiledge of mine Honours.'* Edgar refers to *'the right of bringing the charge'* as the privilege of his profession as knight.

V. iii. 146. Omitted in Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads *'Heere do I tosse those treasons to thy head.'*

V. iii. 156. *'name'*; Quartos read *'thing.'*

V. iii. 159. *'Most monstrous! know'st'*; Steevens' emendation;

Quarto 1 reads '*Most monstrous knowst*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*Monster, knowst*'; Folios, '*Most monstrous! O know'st*'; Capell, '*most monsterous! know'st*; Edd. Globe Ed., '*Most monstrous! O! know'st.*'

V. iii. 160. '*Ask me not what I know*'; the Folios give this line to Edmund; the Quartos to Goneril.

V. iii. 170-171. '*vices . . . plague us*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*vertues . . . scourge us*'; Hanmer, '*vices . . . plague and punish us*'; Keightley, '*vices . . . plague us in their time*'; Anon. conj. '*vices . . . scourge us and to plague us*'; *cp.* 'Wherewith a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished,' *Wisdom*, xi. 16.

V. iii. 205. '*but another,*' etc., *i.e.* "one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it, and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow" (Wright).

V. iii. 281. '*One of them we behold,*' *i.e.* each beholding the other sees one of fortune's two notable objects of love and hate (? for '*we*' read '*ye,*' as has been suggested).

V. iii. 310. '*Look on her, look, her lips*'; Johnson's emendation; Folio 1 reads '*Looke her lips*'; Folios, '*looke* (or *look*) *on her lips.*'

V. iii. 323. This speech is given in the Folios to Edgar, and probably it was so intended by the poet. It has been suggested that the first two lines should be given to Edgar, the last two to Albany.

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

1 *et seq.* Johnson thinks "there is something of obscurity or inaccuracy" in the opening of the play. Coleridge remarks upon it as follows: "It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is in the first six lines of the play stated as a thing already determined in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling derived from, and fostered by, the particular rank and usages of the individual; the intense desire of being intensely beloved—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone; the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast; the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims; the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incompliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is

founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in these first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the trial is but a trick; and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed."

37 *et seq.* "We have already," according to Johnson, "made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition."

44. *Constant will* means a *firm, determined* will; the *certa voluntas* of Virgil.

62. Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits and cannot say it is *so much.*

73. That is, she comes short of me *in this,* that I profess, etc.

75. *square of sense*:—Singer proposed to read, "most *spacious sphere.*" *Spacious,* without *sphere,* is a very plausible change, but not so necessary or so helpful to the sense as to warrant its adoption. "Whatever meaning or no-meaning we may attach to *square of sense,* it seems clear to me," says Furness, "that Regan refers to the joys which that square *professes* to bestow."

89. *Nothing, my lord*:—Coleridge remarks upon Cordelia's answer thus: "There is something of disgust at the ruthless hypocrisy of her sisters, and some little faulty admixture of pride and sullenness in Cordelia's 'Nothing'; and her tone is well contrived, indeed, to lessen the glaring absurdity of Lear's conduct, but yet answers the yet more important purpose of forcing away the attention from the nursery-tale, the moment it has served its end, that of supplying the canvas for the picture. This is also materially furthered by Kent's opposition, which displays Lear's moral incapability of resigning the sovereign power in the very act of disposing of it."

153. The meaning of *answer my life my judgement* is, let my life be answerable for my judgement, or, *I will stake my life on my opinion.*

157-159. *My life,* etc.:—I never regarded my life as my own, but merely entrusted to me as a pawn or pledge, to be employed against your enemies.

196. A *quest* is a *seeking* or *pursuit*: the expedition in which a knight was engaged is often so named in *The Faerie Queene.*

275. We have here *professed* for *professing.* Shakespeare often uses one participle for another.

Scene II.

1, 2. "In this speech of Edmund," declares Coleridge, "you see, as soon as a man cannot reconcile himself to reason, how his conscience flies off by way of appeal to Nature, who is sure upon such occasions never to find fault; and also how shame sharpens a predisposition in the heart to evil. . . . In the anguish of undeserved ignominy the delusion secretly springs up, of getting over the moral quality of an action by fixing the mind on the mere physical act alone.

26. *Upon the gad!—In haste,* equivalent to *upon the spur.* A *gad* was a sharp-pointed piece of steel used in driving oxen; hence *goaded.*

107. *unstate myself,* etc.:—I would *give up my estate, all that I am possessed of,* to be *satisfied of the truth.* Shakespeare frequently uses *resolved* for *satisfied.*

137-139. *an admirable evasion,* etc.:—Warburton thinks that the dotages of judicial astrology were meant to be satirized in this speech. Coleridge remarks upon Edmund's philosophizing as follows: "Thus scorn and misanthropy are often the anticipations and mouthpieces of wisdom in the detection of superstitions. Both individuals and nations may be free from such prejudices by being below them, as well as by rising above them."

145, 146. *And pat,* etc.:—Perhaps this was intended to ridicule the awkward conclusions of the old comedies, wherein the persons of the scene made their entry inartificially, and just when the poets want them on the stage.

148. *fa, sol, la, mi*:—"Shakespeare," says Dr. Burney, "shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. . . . Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint,* to the unnatural and offensive sounds *fa sol la mi.*" But later authorities do not invariably accept this view.

Scene III.

[*Enter . . . steward.*] "The Steward," says Coleridge, "should be placed in exact antithesis to Kent, as the only character of utter irredeemable baseness in Shakespeare. Even in

this the judgement and invention of the Poet are very observable: for what else could the willing tool of a Goneril be? Not a vice but this of baseness was left open to him."

Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no apparent introduction.

16, 17. *to converse . . . little*:—His meaning is, that he chooses for his companions men who are not tattlers or tale-bearers.

18. It is not clear how Kent means to make the *eating no fish* a recommendatory quality, unless we suppose that it arose from the odium then cast upon the papists, who were the most strict observers of periodical fasts, which, though enjoined to the people under the government of Elizabeth, were not very strictly observed by them. So in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish* a Fridays."

70. By *jealous curiosity* Lear appears to mean a *punctilious jealousy* resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity.

75. *the fool hath much pined away*:—"The Fool," as Coleridge observes, "is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh; no forced condescension of Shakespeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly the Poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban: his wild babblings and inspired idiocy articulate and gauge the horrors of the scene."

108. *nuncle!*—A familiar contraction of *mine uncle*. It seems that the common appellation of the old licensed fool to his superiors was *uncle*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, when Alinda assumes the character of a fool, she uses the same language. She meets Alfonso, and calls him *nuncle*; to which he replies by calling her *naunt*.

124. *Lend less*, etc.:—That is, do not lend all that thou hast: *owe* for *own*.

194. *frontlet*:—This word is here used for *frown*. A *frontlet* was a forehead cloth worn by ladies to prevent wrinkles. So in

Zepheria, 1594: "And vayle thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet*."

242. It must be understood, that in the speech beginning "I would learn that," Lear is continuing his former speech, and answering his own question, without heeding the Fool's interruption. So, again, in this speech the Fool continues his former one, *which* referring to *shadow*.

337. *you may fear too far*:—"The monster Goneril," remarks Coleridge, "prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible, namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image which can give pleasure on its own account, is admitted: whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene and in all the early speeches of Lear, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the mainspring of the feelings; in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it."

Scene V.

5. The word *there* in this speech shows that when the King says, "Go you before to *Gloucester*," he means the town of Gloucester, which Shakespeare chose to make the residence of the Duke of Cornwall, to increase the probability of their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloucester. The old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloucester's castle.

15. *kindly*:—The Fool quibbles, using *kindly* in two senses; as it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her *kind*.

24. *I did her wrong*:—Lear has Cordelia in mind now.

35. *seven stars*:—Furness asks if the Fool may not refer to the Great Bear's seven stars.

39. Lear is meditating on what he has before threatened, namely, to "resume the shape which he has cast off."

45. *O, let me not be mad*:—"The mind's own anticipation of madness!" exclaims Coleridge. "The deepest tragic notes are often struck by a half-sense of an impending blow. The Fool's conclusion of this Act by a grotesque prattling seems to indicate the dislocation of feeling that has begun and is to be continued."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25-28. "In order to confuse his brother and urge him to flight," says Delius, "Edmund asks him first whether he has not spoken against Cornwall, and then, reversing the question, whether he has not said something on the side of Cornwall against Albany."

36. 37. *I have seen drunkards,* etc:—These drunken feats are mentioned in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*: "Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk wine, *stabbed arms,* and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?"

42. Gloucester has already shown himself a believer in such astrological superstitions; so that Edmund here takes hold of him by just the right handle.

86. *natural*:—The word *natural* is here used with much art in the double sense of *illegitimate* and as opposed to *unnatural,* which latter epithet is implied upon Edgar.

90. There is a peculiar subtlety and intensity of virulent malice in these speeches of Regan. Coleridge justly observes that she makes "no reference to the guilt, but only to the accident, which she uses as an occasion for sneering at her father." And he adds, "Regan is not, in fact, a greater monster than Goneril, but she has the power of casting more venom."

Scene II.

63. *Zed* is here used as a term of contempt, because *Z* is the last letter in the English alphabet: it is said to be an unnecessary letter because its place may be supplied by *S*.

95-104. *This is some fellow,* etc.:—Coleridge has a just remark upon this speech: "In thus placing these profound general truths in the mouths of such men as Cornwall, Edmund, Iago, etc., Shakespeare at once gives them utterance, and yet shows how indefinite their application is." It may be added, that an inferior dramatist, instead of making his villains use any such vein of original and profound remark, would probably fill their mouths with something either shocking or absurd; which is just what real villains, if they have any wit, never do.

97, 98. *and constrains,* etc.:—Forces his outside, or his appearance, to something totally *different* from his natural disposition.

126. Ajax is a fool to them. "These rogues and cowards talk in such a boasting strain that, if we were to credit their account of themselves, Ajax would appear a person of no prowess when compared to them."

136. "Very artfully," says Clarke, "is this speech thrown in. Not only does it serve to paint the vindictive disposition of Regan, it also serves to regulate dramatic time by making the subsequent scene where Lear arrives before Gloucester's castle and finds his faithful messenger in the stocks appear sufficiently advanced in the morning to allow of that same scene closing with the actual approach of 'night,' without disturbing the sense of probability. Shakespeare makes a whole day pass before our eyes during a single scene and dialogue, yet all seems consistent and natural in the course of progression."

166. "That Cordelia should have thought of him, or that her letter should have reached him, seems to him such a miracle," says Delius, "as only those in misery experience."

171. Kent, according to Hudson's original view, addresses the sun, for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. "I know," says he, "*this letter which I hold in my hand* is from Cordelia; who hath most fortunately been informed of my disgrace and wandering in disguise; and *who*, seeking it, shall find time out of this disordered, unnatural state of things, to give losses their remedies; to restore her father to his kingdom, herself to his love, and me to his favour." Hudson, however, subsequently adopted Mr. J. Crosby's paraphrase of lines 169-171, as follows: "From this anomalous state of mine, I shall gain time to communicate and co-operate with Cordelia in her endeavour to restore the kingdom to its former condition; *to give losses their remedies*, that is, to reinstate Lear on the throne, Cordelia in his favour, and myself in his confidence, and in my own rights and titles."

Scene III.

10. Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.

14. *Bedlam beggars*:—In *The Bell-Man of London*, by Dekker, 1640, is an account of one of these characters, under the title of *Abraham Man*: "He sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he

gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and, coming near any body, cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abrahammen* some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines; some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe; others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

Scene IV.

42. The *I* which is found in line 39, is understood before the word *having*, or before *drew*. The same license is taken by Shakespeare in other places.

46. If this be their behaviour, the King's troubles are not yet at an end.

56. Lear affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *mother*, or *hysterica passio*, which, in the Poet's time, was not thought peculiar to women. It is probable that Shakespeare had this suggested to him by a passage in Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, which he may have consulted in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam with demoniacal gibberish. "Ma. Maynie had a spice of the *hysterica passio*, as seems, from his youth; he himself termes it the *moother*." It seems the priests persuaded him it was from the possession of the devil. "The disease I spake of was a spice of the *mother*, wherewith I had been troubled before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *mother* or no, I knowe not."

67. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says Solomon (Proverbs vi. 6-8), "consider her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in harvest." If, says the Fool (according to Malone), you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the King's train, like that sagacious insect, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived.

68-70. All men but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class, seeing the King ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the blind, who have nothing but

their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of blind men there is not one in twenty but can smell him who, being "muddy in Fortune's mood, smells somewhat strong of her displeasure."

85, 86. It is not easy to make any sense out of these two lines, and perhaps it was not intended that any should be made out of them. Hudson suggests (Harvard ed.) that "the Fool may be using the trick of suggesting a thing by saying its opposite."

123. *cockney*:—Of this word, says Nares, the etymology seems most probable which derives it from *cookery*. *Le pays de cocagne*, or *coquaine*, in old French, means a country of good cheer. This famous country, if it could be found, is described as a region "where the hills were made of sugar-candy, and the loaves ran down the hills, crying, *Come eat me*." This *Lubberland*, as Florio calls it, seems to have been proverbial for the simplicity or gullibility of its inhabitants. Dekker, in his *Newes from Hell*, says, "'Tis not our fault; but our mothers', our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*."

140-142. This innocent passage has been tortured with a great deal of comment. The meaning of it seems to be, "You less know how to value Goneril's merit, than she knows how to do her duty." Hudson (Harvard ed.) observes: "The difficulty grows from putting a positive and a negative clause together in a comparison." And Furness inquires: "Is the levity ill-timed that suggests that perhaps Regan's speech puzzles poor old Lear himself quite as much as his commentators, and he has to ask her to explain: 'Say, how is that?'"

155. *the house*:—That is, according to Warburton, the order of families, duties of relation.

157. *Age is unnecessary*:—Johnson's explanation is, "Old age has few wants," but, according to Wright, the words convey Lear's "ironical apology for his useless existence."

204. *being weak, seem so*:—Since you are weak, be content to think yourself so.

253. *And in good time you gave it*:—Observe what a compact wolfishness of heart is expressed in these few cold and steady words. It is chiefly in this readiness of envenomed sarcasm that Regan is discriminated from Goneril: otherwise they seem almost too much like mere repetitions of each other to come fairly within the circle of nature, who never repeats herself. Yet their very agreement in temper and spirit only makes them the fitter for the work they do. On the whole, it is not easy to imagine how

creatures could be framed more apt to drive mad any one who had set his heart on receiving any comfort or kindness from them. To quote Dowden: "The two terrible creatures are, however, distinguishable. Goneril is the calm wielder of a pitiless force, the resolute initiator of cruelty. Regan is a smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of malice. The tyranny of the elder sister is a cold, persistent pressure, as little affected by tenderness or scruple as the action of some crushing hammer; Regan's ferocity is more unmeasured, and less abnormal or monstrous."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

6. Lear wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the water, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land.

23. *who seem no less*:—That is, who seem the servants of Albany and Cornwall, but are really engaged in the service of France as spies, having knowledge of our state; of what hath been seen here.

29. Whereof these things are but the trimmings or appendages; not the thing itself, but only the circumstances, outward shows, or *furniture* of the thing.

32. *feet*:—Footing. The meaning is, they have secretly landed.

Scene II.

[*Lear.*] These speeches of Lear amid the tempest contain the grandest exhibition of creative power to be met with. They seem spun out of the very nerves and sinews of the storm. It is the instinct of strong passion to lay hold of whatever objects and occurrences lie nearest at hand, and twist itself a language out of them, incorporating itself with their substance, and reproducing them charged with its own life. To Lear, accordingly, and to us in his presence, the storm becomes all expressive of filial ingratitude; seems spitting its fire, and spouting its water, and hurling its blasts against him. Thus the terrific energies and hostilities of external nature take all their meaning from his mind; and we think of them only as the willing agents or instruments

of his daughters' malice, leagued in sympathy with them, and so taking their part in the controversy. In this power of imagination, thus seizing and crushing the embattled elements into its service, there is a sublimity almost too vast for the thoughts.

31-34. *The man that makes his toe,* etc.:—"Unless," says White, "the Fool means that the man who keeps his toe as close as he should keep his counsel or the thoughts of his heart, I do not know what he means. No explanation hitherto given of the last quatrain of this proverbial jingle seems worthy of mention. The first refers, as Johnson remarked, to a coarse old saying, 'a beggar marries a wife and lice.'" Hudson sees in line 33 "a covert allusion to the King." Furness says lines 31-34 mean: "A man who prefers or cherishes a mean member in place of a vital one shall suffer enduring pain where others would suffer merely a twinge. Lear had preferred Regan and Goneril to Cordelia."

35, 36. *For there was never yet,* etc.:—"This," says Furness, "is the Fool's way of diverting attention after he has said something a little too pointed; the idea of a very pretty woman making faces in a looking-glass raises a smile."

40. Meaning the King and himself. *Grace* was a title of royalty. *Cod-piece* as a name for the Fool contains whimsical allusion to his wearing this article of dress.

59. *Summoners* are officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal.

67-73. *My wits,* etc:—"The import of this," says Bucknill, "must be weighed with IV. vi. 101-107, when Lear is incoherent and full of delusion. Insanity arising from mental and moral causes often continues in a certain state of imperfect development; . . . a state of exaggerated and perverted emotion, accompanied by violent and irregular conduct, but unconnected with intellectual aberration. . . . Shakespeare contemplated this exposure and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in the malady. Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases, the more carefully we study his works; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which would make the reputation of a modern psychologist."

79 *et seq. This is a brave night,* etc.:—Most of the recent editors regard this whole speech as an interpolation. White and Clarke are followed in this belief by Hudson, who (Harvard ed.) quotes approvingly White's comment: "This loving, faithful creature would not let his old master go off half-crazed in that

storm that he might stop and utter such pointless and uncalled-for imitation of Chaucer."

Scene IV.

[*Enter Lear,* etc.] On this scene Coleridge remarks: "O, what a world's convention of agonies is here! All external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed—the real madness of Lear, the feigned madness of Edgar, the babbling of the Fool, the desperate fidelity of Kent—surely such a scene was never conceived before or since! Take it but as a picture for the eye only, it is more terrific than any which a Michael Angelo, inspired by a Dante, could have conceived, and which none but a Michael Angelo could have executed. Or let it have been uttered to the blind, the howlings of nature would seem converted into the voice of conscious humanity."

31. The allusion here is to loopholes, such as are found in ancient castles, and designed for the admission of light.

45. *Away! the foul fiend,* etc.:—"Edgar's assumed madness," says Coleridge, "serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings Shakespeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view;—in Lear's, there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression."

51-53. Alluding to the *ignis fatuus,* supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction.

53 *et seq. knives under his pillow,* etc.:—So in Harsnet: "This examinant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new halter, and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor in her master's house." Fiends were commonly represented as thus tempting the wretched to suicide. So in *Dr. Faustus,* 1604:—

> "Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel
> Are laid before me, to dispatch myself."

58. The five senses were sometimes called the *five wits.*

58, 59. *O, do de,* etc.:—These syllables are probably meant to represent the chattering of one who shivers with cold.

76, 77. *Pillicock sat,* etc.:—In illustration of this, Halliwell has pointed out the following couplet in Ritson's *Gammer Gurton's Garland*:—

> "Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;
> If he 's not gone, he sits there still."

86. *gloves in my cap*:—*Gloves* were anciently worn in the cap, either as the favour of a mistress, or as the memorial of a friend, or as a badge to be challenged.

118. *Flibbertigibbet*:—The names of this fiend and most of the fiends mentioned by Edgar were found in Harsnet, who says: "*Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto,* were four devils of the round or morrice." It was an old tradition that spirits were relieved from confinement at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of the day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempest,* they are said to "rejoice to hear the solemn curfew."

123. *'old* (for *wold*):—*Wold* is a plain open country, whether hilly or not; formerly spelt *old, ould,* and *wold,* indifferently.

137, 138. *from tithing to tithing*:—That is, from *parish* to *parish.* The severities inflicted on the wretched beings, one of whom Edgar is here personating, are set forth in Harrison's *Description of England*: "The rogue being apprehended, committed to prison, and tried at the next assizes, if he be convicted for a vagabond, he is then adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same. If he be taken the second time, he shall then be whipped again," etc.

146, 147. *The prince of darkness,* etc.:—So in Harsnet's *Declaration*: "*Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend, called *Modu.*" Again the said Richard Mainy deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of devils, whose name should be *Modu.*"

147 *et seq. Our flesh and blood,* etc.:—"One of Shakespeare's subtle touches," observes Clarke. "Some tone or inflection in Edgar's voice has reached the father's heart, and bitterly recalls the supposed unfilial conduct of his elder son, and he links it with

that of Lear's daughters. Edgar, instinctively feeling this, perseveres with his Bedlam cry, to drown the betrayed sound of his own voice, and maintain the impression of his assumed character."

164. *His wits begin to unsettle*:—"When Belvidera," says Horace Walpole, in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*, "talks of '*Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber*,' she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or, at least, should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate; we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."

173. *I do beseech your grace*:—"Here," says Clarke, "Gloucester attempts to lead Lear towards the shelter he has provided in the farm-house adjoining the castle; but the king will not hear of quitting his 'philosopher.' Gloucester then induces the Bedlam-fellow to go into the hovel, that he may be out of Lear's sight; but Lear proposes to follow him thither, saying, 'Let's in all.' Kent endeavours to draw Lear away, but, finding him resolved to 'keep still with' his 'philosopher,' begs Gloucester to humour the King, and 'let him take the fellow' with him. Gloucester accedes, and bids Kent himself take the fellow with them in the direction they desire to go; and this is done. We point out these details, because, if it be not specially observed, the distinction between the 'hovel' and the 'farm-house' would hardly be understood."

184-186. *Child Rowland*, Knight Orlando, was reputed to be King Arthur's youngest son. In the second part of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not older than the play, may have been compiled from something that was so, are the following lines, spoken by a giant:—

> "Fee, faw, fum,
> I smell the blood of an Englishman:
> Be he alive, or be he dead,
> I 'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Scene V.

7. *a provoking merit*:—"A merit he felt in himself which irritated him against a father that had none," according to Mason. "A consciousness of his own worth which urged him on," says Wright. Hudson (Harvard ed.) cites Crosby: "It was not altogether your brother Edgar's evil disposition that made him seek his father's death: it was the old man's *desert* that *provoked* him to it; that is, the old man *deserved* it."

Scene VI.

6, 7. *Frateretto*, etc:—Rabelais says that Nero was a fiddler in hell, and Trajan an angler. The history of Garagantua had appeared in English before 1575, being mentioned in Laneham's Letter from Killingworth, printed in that year. *Fools* were anciently termed *innocents*.

14. *he's a mad yeoman*, etc.:—"A rather curious commentary," says Hudson, "on some of the Poet's own doings; who obtained from the Heralds' College a coat-of-arms in his father's name; thus getting his yeoman father dubbed a gentleman, in order, no doubt, that himself might inherit the rank."

24, 25. *Wantest thou eyes*, etc.:—When Edgar says, "Look, where he stands and glares!" he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. "Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?" is a question addressed to some visionary person, and may mean, as Clarke says, "Do you want eyes to gaze at and admire you during trial, madam? The fiends are there to serve your purpose."

87. *so, so, so*:—"Lear," says Bucknill, "is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared, and Edgar has left to be the guide of his blind father, that the King becomes absolutely wild and incoherent. The singular and undoubted fact is, that few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to be aware."

88. *And I'll go to bed at noon*:—These words, found only in the Folio, are the last we have from the Fool. They are probably

meant as a characteristic notice that the poor dear fellow's heart is breaking. His beloved master's wits are shattered, so that he has no longer anything to live for. White remarks: "About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, 'We 'll go to supper in the morning,' the fitting rejoinder, 'And I 'll go to bed at noon.' Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason: he remains with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad King's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom; but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzy into forlorn imbecility, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the presence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time—*functus officio.*"

114. *Mark the high noises*:—The great events that are approaching.

Scene VII.

13. *my lord of Gloucester*:—Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. Oswald, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title.

83, 84. *Out, vile jelly!* etc.:—This horrid scene moves Coleridge to say: "I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic." And again: "What shall I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakespeare wrong, and yet—" Tieck argues that the tearing out of Gloucester's eyes did not take place on the stage proper.

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

64. *who since possesses*, etc.:—"If," says Harsnet, "she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her roll her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne,

mow and mop like an ape, then no doubt the young girle is owle-blasted, and *possessed.*"

Scene II.

22. She bids him decline his head, that she may give him a kiss and appear only to be whispering to him.

29. *I have been worth the whistle*:—Alluding to the proverb, "It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whistling.*"

32, 33. *That nature,* etc.:—The meaning, as Heath thinks, is, that that nature, which has reached such a pitch of unnaturalness as to contemn its origin, cannot be restrained within any certain bounds. Albany's reasoning is: If she will take her father's life, whose life will she spare?

36. Alluding to the use that witches and enchanters are said to make of *withered branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the Poet to her plotting with Edmund against her husband's life.

83 *et seq. One way,* etc.:—Goneril's plan was to poison her sister, to marry Edmund, to murder Albany, and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

Scene III.

[*Enter . . . Gentleman.*] The same gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing Act with letters to Cordelia at Dover.

25. *no verbal question?*—That is, discourse, conversation, talk.

32. That is, her outcries were accompanied or drenched with tears.

Scene IV.

11-15. Dr. Kellogg says: "This reply is significant, and worthy of careful attention, as embracing a brief summary of almost the only true principles recognized by modern science, and now carried out by the most eminent physicians in the treatment of the insane."

Scene V.

33. *give him this*:—Perhaps a *ring,* or some *token.*

Scene VI.

15. *samphire*:—In Shakespeare's time the cliffs of Dover were celebrated for the production of this herb. It is thus spoken of in Smith's *History of Waterford*, 1774: "Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the seacliffs in this country. It is terrible to see how people gather it, *hanging by a rope* several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air." It was made into a pickle and eaten as a relish. This use of it is mentioned in Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

49. The substance called *gossamer* is formed of the collected webs of spiders. Some think it the down of plants; others the vapour arising from boggy or marshy ground in warm weather. The etymon of this word, which has puzzled lexicographers, is said to be *summer goose* or *summer gauze*, hence "gauze o' the summer."

74. *men's impossibilities*:—Things that seem to men impossible. The incident of Gloucester being made to believe himself ascending, and leaping from, the chalky cliff appears to be a very notable case of inherent improbability overcome in effect by opulence of description.

82. *His master*:—*His* for *its* here evidently refers to *sense*. Edgar is speaking of Lear's fantastical dress, and judges from this that he is not in his *safer sense*; that is, in his *senses*.

122. *That minces virtue*, etc.:—Puts on an outward affected seeming of virtue. Cotgrave explains *mineux-se*, "*Outward seeming*, also squeamish, quaint, coy, that *minces it* exceedingly."

184. *wawl and cry*:—This may have been taken from Pliny, as translated by Holland: "Man alone, poor wretch, nature hath laid all naked upon the bare earth, even on his birthday to *cry and wrawle* presently from the very first houre that he is borne into this world."

188, 189. *to shoe . . . felt*:—We learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of King Henry VIII.* that such a thing was actually done at the tournament held at Lisle in 1513: the horses, to prevent their slipping on a black stone pavement, *were shod with felt or flocks*. So, too, in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1567: "He attyreth himself for the purpose in a nightgowne girt to hym, with a payre of *shoes of felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete might discover his goinge." We should understand that when Lear goes to preaching he takes off his hat and holds it in his hand, as preachers were wont to do in the Poet's time.

191. This was the cry formerly in the English army when an onset was made on the enemy.

206. *there's life in 't*:—The case is not yet desperate.

217, 218. *the main descry*, etc:—The main body is expected to be descried every hour.

Scene VII.

25. *Louder the music*:—Shakespeare considered *soft music* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Doctor desires *louder* music for the purpose of waking him.

36-38. *Mine enemy's dog*, etc:—Verplanck tells us that Jarvis, the American painter-artist, used often to quote this passage as accumulating in the shortest compass the greatest causes of dislike, to be overcome by good-natured pity. "It is not merely the personal enemy, for whom there might be human sympathy, that is admitted to the family fireside, but his dog, and that a dog that had inflicted his own share of personal injury, and that, too, upon a gentle being from whom it was not possible that he could have received any provocation."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

45, 46. *Your business*, etc.:—All designs against your life will have an end.

Scene III.

27. *this note*:—This is a warrant signed by Edmund and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia, referred to later.

65. *immediacy*:—This apt and forcible word is probably of the Poet's own coinage. Nares says that "the word, so far as is known, is peculiar to this passage." Of course the meaning is, that Edmund has his commission *directly* from her, and not *through* any one else; that is, he is *her* lieutenant, not Albany's. So in *Hamlet* we have "the most *immediate* to the throne."

72. *look'd but a-squint*:—Alluding to the proverb, "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint*." So in Milton's *Comus*: "And gladly banish *squint suspicion*."

79. To obstruct their union lies not in your power.

118, 119. *Ask him*, etc.:—This is according to the old cere-

monial of the trial by combat in cases criminal. Thus in Selden's *Duello*: "The appellant and his procurator first come to the gate. The constable and marshal demand by voice of herald, what he is, and why he comes so arrayed."

141. *In wisdom,* etc.:—Because, if his adversary were not of equal rank, Edmund might decline the combat.

150. *Where they,* etc.:—*To that place* where they shall rest forever; that is, in Edgar's heart.

185. *That we,* etc.:—"To die hourly the pains of death," is a periphrasis for to suffer hourly the pains of death.

264. *Fall and cease*:—To *cease* is to *die*. Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, "Rather fall, and cease to be at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched."

297. *this great decay*:—That is Lear. Shakespeare means the same as if he had said, "this piece of decayed royalty." Gloucester calls him in a preceding Scene "ruin'd piece of nature."

305. *my poor fool*:—This is not a reference to the Fool, but an expression of tenderness for Cordelia, on whose lips Lear is still intent, and dies while he is searching there for indications of life.

309. *Pray you, undo this button*:—"Scarcely," says *The Quarterly Review,* April 1833, "have the spectators of this anguish had time to mark and express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, 'O, see, see!' The intense excitement which Lear had undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair. But even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, Shakespeare contrives to indicate by a gesture the very train of internal physical changes which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse. Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.'"

322. *My master,* etc.:—His beloved Lear. "Kent is, perhaps," says Coleridge, "the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shakespeare's characters. . . . His passionate affection for, and fidelity to, Lear act on our feelings in Lear's own favour: virtue itself seems to be in company with him."

Questions on King Lear.

1. Give the date of composition. Mention some of the pre-Shakespearian forms of the story and show wherein they differ from Shakespeare. What is the duration of the action of the play? Is the underplot, that concerning Edgar and Gloucester, to be found in the old plays?

ACT FIRST.

2. What two things in the dialogue between Kent and Gloucester (Sc. i.) indicate the problems that the play will work out?

3. In the division of the kingdom was the share of each daughter to be equal? What distinction did Lear make, if any, in terms expressive of his personal regard for the three sisters?

4. How did each sister answer him?

5. How do you judge Cordelia's attitude towards her father? What trait does she share in common with her father that doubtless accounts for her attitude?

6. What part in the situation does Kent play?

7. Do the exigencies of the moment alone account for the summary way Lear disposes of the Earl of Kent?

8. What poetic justice do you feel in Cordelia's marriage?

9. How early in the play do the consequences of Lear's rashness begin to overtake him?

10. Of Edmund's soliloquy in Sc. ii. Coleridge says, "As soon as a man cannot reconcile himself to reason, his conscience flies off by way of appeal to Nature." Do you adopt the adverse criticism implied or have you something to say for Edmund?

11. How does the intrigue of Edmund, which may be said to be an underplot, resemble the main plot? Where is this intrigue summarized in a sentence?

12. What state of mind is indicated in Goneril by her charging her father (line 4) with *gross crime*?

13. What indications do you see in Sc. iii., aside from the expressed apprehension of Lear, of his approaching madness?

14. What dramatic uses do the sallies of the Fool serve? Why, do you understand, does Kent return disguised?

15. What impression do you get of Albany in Sc. iv.? What is his attitude towards Lear? Towards his wife?

16. What allusion in Sc. v. does Lear make to Cordelia?

17. Describe the underplay of Lear's thought while he banters with the Fool.

ACT SECOND.

18. What complications of the action are prophesied in the dialogue between Edmund and Curan? Why do Cornwall and Regan come to Gloucester's castle? How does this journey advance the fortunes of Edmund?

19. Does it seem that Edgar plays too easily into the hands of Edmund? How does Cornwall hear the *strange news* mentioned in line 89? How does Regan comment to Gloucester on Edgar's supposed perfidy?

20. Of what arrayal of opposing forces are we made aware, by hints as well as by facts?

21. Indicate the ironic quality of Kent's speech, line 9, Sc. ii.

22. In what character does Kent display himself in the second Scene?

23. In Cornwall's speech on bluntness (102 *et seq.*) does Shakespeare suit the speech to the occasion; to the speaker; or does he merely take occasion for the statement of a general truth?

24. To what disaster does Kent come?

25. What does Edgar determine upon doing, as disclosed in the third Scene?

26. What account of a preceding action do you get from Kent (Sc. iv.) that helps to explain the animus of Kent in his scene with Oswald?

27. Explain the transitions of feeling in Lear in his talk (Sc. iv.) with Regan. Where is the climax of this interview? What example of supreme dramatic intuition is here exhibited?

28. In actual fact, is Regan any more cruel towards Lear than is Goneril? Which has the greater power of arousing abhorrence?

29. Wherein resides the cruelty of the daughters' act in depriving Lear of his train, since the motives they allege may be said to conform to reason? How does Lear suggest the answer? Would his emotional state permit him to stop and reason at this point?

30. What are the passions with which his nature is stirred?

31. What preparation for the following Act does this Scene provide?

ACT THIRD.

32. What emotional purpose is served in the first Scene? What mechanical purpose which concerns the plot?

33. Does the madness of Lear reach its climax of sublimity in the second Scene? Is the pitch so high that the two preceding Scenes are necessary to prepare for it? What proof have you that Lear has not yet wholly lost his reason?

34. What fitness to the time is seen in the Fool's song?

35. Why is Sc. iii. set in prose? Does this Scene mark the climax of the subplot; if so, where do you find the climax of the main plot? What is the most intimate connecting link between the two plots?

36. In contrasting the madness of Lear and Edgar, what evidences do you find showing it to be real in one case and assumed in the other?

37. At what point does Lear's reason really desert him?

38. In Sc. v. what turn do Edmund's machinations take? What reward is he promised?

39. What form does Lear's madness take in the sixth Scene? What do Edgar and the Fool attempt in relation to it?

40. What is the significance of the Fool's last words, *I'll go to bed at noon*? Why does he disappear from the play at this point?

41. What action does Gloucester take to circumvent the daughters in their further purposes against Lear?

42. How are Gloucester's secret efforts in the King's behalf discovered?

43. Who suggests the punishment that is visited upon Gloucester?

44. Aside from the personal violence that is offered to Gloucester, from what spiritual offense does he try to dissuade his persecutors?

45. Contrast the poetry of Gloucester's speech (vi. 56) with the speeches put into the mouths of Regan, Goneril, and Cornwall. Why does imagery seem unfit to the expression of their thoughts and purposes?

46. How does Gloucester learn of the treachery of Edmund?

47. Is this Scene too brutal for representation on the stage?

What alleviating element turns the spectator's feeling from horror to pity?

ACT FOURTH.

48. What foreshadowing of Edgar's future fortune does his soliloquy, with which the Act opens, contain?

49. Describe the philosophical nature of Edgar's reflections in Sc. i. How does the sight of Gloucester modify Edgar's earlier optimism?

50. Comment on this example of Shakespeare's use of contrast as an effective dramatic element.

51. Comment on the irony of Gloucester's words to Edgar. What is its peculiar character?

52. What request does Gloucester make of Edgar?

53. Why has Albany taken no part in the action up to this point? What opinion of his character do you get from the accounts of Oswald and of Goneril?

54. What is the effect on the spectator of the amorous passage between Edmund and Goneril? Explain (ii. 14, 15) *Our wishes on the way may prove effects.*

55. What profound general truth (ii. 46) is expressed by Albany? Where is a similar thought uttered in reflection upon the nature of Regan?

56. What effect upon the complexion of events do we look to find resulting from the death of Cornwall? In what respects will Albany supply his place?

57. What is foreshadowed in Goneril's

May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life?

How has Goneril been instrumental in defeating her own dearest purposes?

58. What is the dramatic character of the third Scene? What portends from the enforced return to his own country of the King of France?

59. What similarity to and what difference from our previous impression of Cordelia does the account of her in this Scene furnish?

60. Where else (besides line 35) in the play is there allusion to the stars as governing the courses of men?

61. From Kent's report of Lear do we judge that he still retains some powers of reason?

62. What preparation does Sc. iv. make for the crowning scene of Lear's madness?

63. How does Sc. v. advance the plot in regard to the relations of Edmund and Gloucester; of Regan and Goneril; of Edmund and Regan? What is one made to feel here about the impending mutual disaster of the conspirators? Is there any passion in Regan's regard for Edmund?

64. What means does Edgar employ for curing Gloucester of his suicidal purposes? What parallelism is there between this and the way the Fool tries to check the growing madness of Lear?

65. What is Shakespeare's descriptive method in the passage in Sc. vi. beginning line 11? How does he secure largeness of view?

66. Is there sublimity in this final exhibition of Lear's mania? What thoughts are most frequently recurrent in his mind?

67. What profit did Oswald intend to make out of Gloucester? What types similar to Oswald do you recall in other plays of Shakespeare?

68. How is Edgar put in possession of facts that give to him the controlling hand in the game that is to follow?

69. What reward does Kent desire for his services? What further development of the action is prepared for by him?

70. How are the events connected with Lear leading up to the present briefly summarized? What are the remedies proposed by the Doctor for the cure of Lear's derangement? What is the emotional effect of Lear's return to sanity?

71. How does the end of Act IV. prepare for catastrophe? How are the events not intimately concerning Lear summarized?

ACT FIFTH.

72. What purposes are becoming paramount in the minds of the sisters?

73. What does Edgar's speech to Albany foreshadow?

74. How does Edmund, at the close of Sc. i. complete the statement of the problem with which the Scene opened?

75. What law of tragedy demands the defeat of Cordelia's

army? Why does no Scene represent the conflict, as in so many of Shakespeare's plays?

76. What delicacy of art does Shakespeare show in not bringing the three sisters face to face again? Is it comparable to a similar delicacy in the case of Octavia and Cleopatra? Does one feel that the tiger is rising in Cordelia as shown by the line,

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

77. What comment (Sc. iii. 8 *et seq.*) on Shakespeare's era does Lear furnish?

78. What do you understand to be the instructions contained in the note Edmund gives to the officer?

79. Has Edmund met any check in his career before his difference with Albany in the third Scene? What is the last assumption of this interloper? How has he all along played a part of impostor consistent with his birth?

80. What caused the sudden illness of Regan? What is its dramatic effect?

81. What double action is taking place in this Scene. How does Goneril quit it?

82. Mention the order of fatalities as they occur in the Scene. What dramatic effect is produced?

83. In the last act of Edmund's life what palliating touch does the Poet allow?

84. *Hamlet* closes with a note of optimism. Can the same be said of *King Lear*?

85. What is the reply of Kent to Albany's expressed will that he share in the rule of the realm?

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86. Dramatic art requires that all catastrophe be led up to by gradual stages, that events be foreshadowed. Does Shakespeare in *King Lear* present especially notable examples of this law? Mention some instance where the law is observed.

87. What difference do you see between the two sisters in force of character? Which took the initiative part?

88. Is there any hint in this play of Christian religion or ethics?

89. As an example of Shakespeare's resourcefulness, collect together the various expressions used in reference to the blinded eyes of Gloucester.

90. Even with the modern development of stage effects, do you think *King Lear* a play fit for stage representation?

91. Would you prefer that Shakespeare had followed the lines of the old story, and made Cordelia set her father again upon the throne, and rule after him a while? Or does the high pitch of passion demand death as the only adequate end?

92. What was there in the character of Regan whereby she deceived Lear longer than Goneril had done?

93. When does Edgar learn for the first time that his father has been deceived?

94. What point in the development of the underplot does this mark?

95. What was the function of the Fool in developing the idea of the plot?

96. Is any play of Shakespeare's so complex in plot? Is there anything in this complexity that seems to interfere with simplicity of action?

97. Your estimate of the character of Edmund, as compared with Iago, for instance?

98. In this play are not the characters that might be called minor more forceful in individuality than in other plays—say *Macbeth, Hamlet*?

99. Coleridge has called Kent the nearest approach to pure goodness of any character conceived by Shakespeare. Comment upon this.

100. Mention some specimens of literature written since *King Lear* and evidently inspired by it.

THE TEMPEST.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Tempest* first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 1-19; no reference has been found to any earlier edition.

The position of the play in the First Folio may perhaps be regarded as evidence of its contemporary popularity; or, it may have been merely due to 'a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition' on the part of the editors.

'It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see; a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of plays before us.'*

With the exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays; certain critics have held that the text was abridged for acting purposes; others refer its brevity to the unusual amount of stage-machinery introduced, or to the necessities of Court representation.

The *Epilogue* to the play, as in the case of *2 Henry IV.* and *Henry VIII.*, is evidently by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Some scholars hold the same opinion concerning the *Masque* in Act IV. Shakespeare may well have introduced it in compliance with the fashion of the time; it is obviously intended to celebrate some contemporary marriage. One must bear in mind the fondness for this

* Sir E. Strachey, *Quarterly Review*, July, 1890, p. 116.

species of poetical pageantry during the reign of James I. (*cp.* Ben Jonson's *Masque*).

Date of Composition. No positive evidence exists for the Date of Composition of *The Tempest*; the probabilities are in favour of 1610-12.

The superior limit may be fixed at 1603; the speech of Gonzalo, describing his ideal Commonwealth (II. i. 147, etc.), was certainly derived from a passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's 'Essays,' first published in that year.* The passage in question occurs in Book I., Chapter xxx., 'Of the Caniballes' (*cp.* Temple Classics, Vol. i.).

The play obviously connects itself with current stories of colonisation and adventures of English seamen. There is probably direct allusion to the wreck of Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, in July, 1609; an interesting account, which Shakespeare seems to have read—one of at least five accounts—was published in the following year, written by Sylvester Jourdain, entitled '*A discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others*' (*cp.* Prospero's command to Ariel 'to fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes').

Soon after, in 1612, a fuller account was published, written by William Strachey; this tract illustrates the play in so many striking details that a strong case may be made for Shakespeare's use of it.†

* The authenticity of Shakespeare's autograph in the British Museum copy of Florio's Montaigne is now doubted.

† *Cp.* The Rev. W. G. Gosling's valuable articles contributed to *Literature*, April 8, 15, June 3, 1899. If Shakespeare actually used the *printed* tract, the date of the play would be subsequent to 1612; I note that Strachey returned to England at the close of 1611: he wrote from his lodging in the Blacke Friars. There are possibilities that Shakespeare read the MS. The problem, resting on date of publication, is somewhat complicated.

Ben Jonson seems to allude to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his '*Bartholomew Fair*' (1612-14).—'If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques?* Hee is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries!*'

The Tempest, among other plays, was acted at Court in the beginning of the year 1613, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, whence some scholars have inferred that it was specially composed for the marriage of the two latter royal personages, and have detected in Prospero a striking resemblance to King James.

Various futile attempts have been made to place *The Tempest* among Shakespeare's early plays, but, apart from the evidence adduced above, metrical tests and general considerations of style make an early date impossible.

The Sources. *The Tempest* was in all probability founded on some older play, but as yet its source has not been discovered.

An old German Comedy, called *The Fair Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nurnberg, who died in 1605, is perhaps a German version of Shakespeare's original; its plot bears a striking resemblance to that of *The Tempest*. Ayrer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, 'The English Comedians,' as they called themselves (*cp.* Cohn's Shakespeare in Germany, Preface, and pp. 1-75).

'*The Discovery of the Barmudas*' has been already alluded to above.

In Eden's *History of Travayle*, 1577 (p. 252, Arber's Reprint), Shakespeare probably found 'Setebos' (Act I. sc. 2, l. 437); from the same work he possibly derived

the names Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo (for Gonzales), and other details.

In dealing with the Date of Composition reference has been made to Shakespeare's indebtedness to Montaigne; similarly, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, vii. 197-206, as translated by Golding, probably suggested Prospero's Invocation, Act. V. 1, 33, *sq.*

The name 'Ariel,' though glossed by Shakespeare as 'an ayrie Spirit,' is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's '*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*':—

> '. . . . . The earth's great lord
> Ariel. The Hebrew Rabbins thus accord.'

Caliban. 'Caliban' is most probably a contemporary variant of 'Canibal,' which is itself merely another form of 'Caribal,' *i.e.* 'Caribbean.' There seems to be no particular difficulty in this derivation of the name, yet several scholars have rejected it. 'To me,' observes Mr. Furness, 'it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the description of cannibals, either of their features or of their natures, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out.' This seems hardly enough to negative so plausible a theory as to the origin of the name.

A large number of critics have dealt with this creation of Shakespeare's; a valuable summary of the more important criticisms is to be found in the 'Variorum' edition of the play. Three studies call for special mention:—(1) *Caliban: The Missing Link:* by Daniel Wilson: (2) Renan's philosophical drama, entitled *Caliban*; (3) Browning's *Caliban upon Setebos; or, Natural Theology in the Island.*

The Scene of Action. '*The Scene, an uninhabited Island*'; the claim of the Bermudas is now generally admitted as the original scene of Prospero's magic.

Shakespeare refers to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes,' and the local colour and details seem to be derived from the tracts referred to above, or perhaps (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recently elaborated the idea) from the description given by one of the mariners, 'with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors,' prepared to answer questions 'for unlimited sack.' 'Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act. II. scene 2 of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reef,' *etc.**

Duration of Action. The 'Time-Analysis' of *The Tempest* brings out very clearly the fact that in this play Shakespeare has adhered strictly to the Unity of Time; the whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours; *cp.* Act I., 2, 239-240; Act V., 1, 5; *ibid.* l. 136-137, 186, 223.

It is alleged that a sailor's 'glass' was a *half-hour* glass, and that Shakespeare was guilty of a technical error in using it in the sense of 'an *hour* glass.' The error was no doubt intentional.

The Music. There is good reason to believe that *Wilson's Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, Oxford,* 1660, has preserved for us the original music of two of the songs of *The Tempest*—viz., 'Full fathoms five,' and 'Where the Bee sucks'; the composer was R. Johnson, who in

* *Cp. Spectator,* June 2, 1898. Mr. Gosling, however, maintains that Mr. Kipling's 'vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cove about two miles from Hamilton. . . . The actual scene of the shipwreck and landfall of Sir George Somers are known beyond doubt. The rocks on which Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture,* was wrecked, lie off St. George's, about twelve miles from Hamilton,' *etc.*

1610 wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, and in 1611 was in the service of Prince Henry (*cp.* Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 352-353, and Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music*, Dent, 1896).

Later Verses. In 1669 appeared Dryden and Davenant's version of *The Tempest; or the enchanted Isle*. According to Dryden, Davenant designed the 'Counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely that of a man who had never seen a woman.' 'Than this version,' observes Mr. Furness, 'there is, I think, in the realm of literature, no more flagrant existence of *lese-majesty*' (*cp.* Variorum *Tempest*, pp. 389-449). In 1797 F. G. Waldron published *The Virgin Queen*, 'attempted as a sequel to Shakespeare's *Tempest*.'

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. A tempest-tossed vessel is wrecked upon the shores of an enchanted isle whereon dwell Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, alone save for the presence of Caliban, a deformed and brutish slave. During the storm Prospero tells his daughter of his past life: Formerly he had been Duke of Milan, but had been supplanted by his brother Antonio, with the aid of Alonso, King of Naples, who desired thereby to render Milan tributary to his kingdom. The conspirators had not dared to kill Prospero outright, but had contented themselves with setting him and his daughter, then three years old, adrift in a crazy boat upon the open sea. They would have perished miserably but for a humane Neapolitan named Gonzalo, who provisioned their craft, and thus enabled them to reach the island which they made their home. For twelve years they had quietly dwelt there—a period spent profitably by Prospero in the education of his daughter and in his own study of works on magic. Prospero ends his story by telling Miranda that a strange chance has sent all of his enemies to him in the ship which they have seen wrecked in the tempest raised by his art. Ariel, the chief of his spirits, now appears and reports that all the passengers have been brought safely to land. Ferdinand, the King's son, becomes separated from the rest, and they suppose him lost. Prospero leads him to his cell, where the prince and Miranda become mutually enamoured.

II. Alonso, Sebastian (his brother), Antonio, Gonzalo, and other victims of the shipwreck roam the island until all but Sebastian and Antonio are put to sleep by the invisible Ariel through the agency of gentle music. Sebastian and Antonio now plot to murder the King. Ariel frustrates their plans. In another part of the island two others of the company, Stephano and Trinculo, discover Caliban.

III. The three last named plot to despatch Caliban's master, Prospero, and seize upon the island for themselves. The King and his company meanwhile wander about oppressed by weariness, hunger, and mental aberration. Ariel tantalizes them with the vision of a spectral banquet. At his cell Prospero sets Ferdinand to the task of carrying and piling logs, in order, as later develops, to test the prince's affection for Miranda, who, on her part, entreats Ferdinand to let her share in his arduous labors.

IV. Ferdinand undergoes the trial worthily, and Prospero bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and entertains the lovers with a glimpse into the land of spirits. The entertainment is interrupted by Prospero, who, suddenly recollecting the conspiracy of Caliban and his confederates, calls Ariel, and prepares to frustrate them. The conspirators meet with severe punishment at the hands of Prospero and Ariel, who set upon them " divers spirits in the shape of dogs and hounds."

V. The King and his company are brought by Ariel before Prospero, who is moved to be merciful because of their sufferings. He reveals his identity to them. The King begs of him pardon for the wrongs he has done him, and restores to him his dukedom. Prospero brings forward Ferdinand and Miranda, whose troth is ratified by Alonso. Prospero abjures the mystic art, and with the King and his train proceeds to Naples, by means of the magically preserved ship, to solemnize the nuptials of the lovers.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

"A Birth of the Imagination."

The Tempest is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography —no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where so much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within. . . . . In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization; and in the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has, as in many other places, shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an

exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind not immediately recipient to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life —that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics.

In this play, and in this scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which is inwoven with human nature. In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs, Shakespeare is quite peculiar. In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual; . . . but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages. Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal. He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face; and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost af-

fectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogueries of a child.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

III.

Prospero.

Tried by suffering, Prospero proves its strengthening qualities. Far from succumbing to the blow, it is not until it has fallen that he displays his true, far-reaching, and terrible power, and becomes the great irresistible magician which Shakespeare himself had so long been. His power is not understood by his daughter, who is but a child, but it is felt by his enemies. He plays with them as he pleases, compels them to repent their past treatment of him, and then pardons them with a calmness of superiority to which Timon could never have attained, but which is far from being that all-obliterating tenderness with which Imogen and Hermione forgive remorseful sinners.

There is less of charity towards the offenders in Prospero's absolution than that element of contempt which has so long and so exclusively filled Shakespeare's soul. His forgiveness, the oblivion of a scornful indifference, is not so much that of the strong man who knows his power to crush if need be, as that of the wisdom which is no longer affected by outward circumstance.

Richard Garnett aptly observes, in his critical introduction to the play in the "Irving Edition," that Prospero finds it easy to forgive because, in his secret soul, he sets very little value on the dukedom he has lost, and is, therefore, roused to very little indignation by the treachery which deprived him of it. His daughter's happiness is the sole thing which greatly interests him now, and he carries his indifference to worldly matters so far that, without any outward compulsion, he breaks his magic wand and casts his books into the sea. Resu-

ming his place among the ranks of ordinary men, he retains nothing but his inalienable treasure of experience and reflection. I quote the following passage from Garnett on account of its remarkable correspondence with the general conception of Shakespeare's development set forth in this book.

"That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. . . . It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt entered very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality but in no way blighting or perverting it—such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate perfection of both."

In other words, it is Shakespeare's own nature which overflows into Prospero, and thus the magician represents not merely the noble-minded great man, but the genius, imaginatively delineated, not, as in *Hamlet*, psychologically analysed. Audibly and visibly does Prospero's genius manifest itself, visible and audible also the inward and outward opposition he combats.

The two figures in which this spiritual power and this resistance are embodied are the most admirable productions of an artist's powers in this or any other age. Ariel is a supernatural, Caliban a bestially natural being, and both have been endowed with a human soul. They were not seen, but created.

Prospero is the master-mind, the man of the future, as shown by his control over the forces of Nature. He

passes as a magician, and Shakespeare found his prototype, as far as external accessories were concerned, in a scholar of mark and man of high principles, Dr Dee, who died in 1607. This Dr. Dee believed himself possessed of powers to conjure up spirits, good and bad, and on this account enjoyed a great reputation in his day. A man owning even a small share of the scientific knowledge of our times would inevitably have been regarded as a powerful magician at that date. In the creation of Prospero, therefore, Shakespeare unconsciously anticipated the results of time. He not merely gave him a magic wand, but created a poetical embodiment of the forces of Nature as his attendant spirit.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

Prospero, duke of Milan, who had been deposed by his brother and the king of Naples, "an enemy inveterate" (Act I. ii.), and exposed at sea in an open boat, raises by his power of enchantment, a violent tempest, and causes his enemies, who are on their return from Africa, to be cast ashore on the island, where for many years he has found refuge with his daughter. By wise and prompt direction of the agency of spirits, over whom his knowledge has given him command, he improves the opportunity to strike the King of Naples with remorse, to convert him from an enemy into an ally, to bring about the marriage of his own daughter with his son, regain his right in an independent dukedom, and take noble revenge for the treachery of his brother. The supernatural aids at the command of Prospero give occasion for highly picturesque incident, but his success, and the interest of the play, are not less due to the discretion, self command, and vigour, which he displays in availing himself of them. Such qualities might appear inconsistent with his original loss of position, but this is explained by his misfortune being ascribed to his neglect of the active virtues for the sake

of knowledge; and it is the very pith and marrow of the argument and conduct of the play, to show what are the exercises and what are the impulses by which in a noble nature such a want of balance may be corrected, and how when studious and administrative energy and moral purpose at last work together in harmony, the coarser, ruder, and baser talents of mere men of the world, are weak as the ways of children.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

IV.

Miranda.

We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty; to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this; and he alone could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.

The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this "Eve of an enchanted Paradise."

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—"O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he

has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that " ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colors of the rainbow lived," Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, " breathing thoughtful breath," a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain or the ocean—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented be-

fore her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as "a wonder," as something celestial:—

> "What is this maid?
> Is she the goddess who hath severed us,
> And brought us thus together?"

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, "suffering with those that she saw suffer"; . . . and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honor like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quantity than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his

real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Caliban.

The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespear's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespear has described the brutal mind of Caliban in contact with the pure and original forms of nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is " of the earth, earthy." It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the commonplace affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it. Schlegel, the

admirable German critic of Shakespear, observes that Caliban is a poetical character, and "always speaks in blank verse."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

Opposed to him [Prospero] and at the extreme limit of the contrast, stands Caliban, the climax of wickedness and brutality, the very personification of the evil Will. He is only momentarily tamed by outward constraint and inward powerlessness; his will remains evil, and in him we have a proof of the irrefutable truth that evil, even though, by its own acts, it invariably annihilates itself and serves the purposes of what is good, still evil as Will cannot become converted either by any affliction or punishment, or by the clearest conviction of its helplessness. This seems to me to be the meaning, the poetical, because ethical, significance of this most strange of all the creatures ever formed by the poetical imagination—a creature in whom devil, animal and man, are equally blended, and who, in spite of his wholly fantastic abnormity, rises up before us with the vividness of actual reality. Caliban is no mere creation of a passing poetic fancy, no chance addition to the substance of the drama; for although he may have originated in Shakspeare's imagination from the fantastic and wondrous reports about the wild inhabitants (the cannibals) of the newly discovered continents, and although grotesquely formed and humorously exaggerated—so as to suit the fantastico-comic colouring of the whole—still he is a necessary member in the artistic organism of the piece. And as Prospero's mind is evidently one of more than ordinary endowments, and, like every historical leader of men, represents the higher idea of what is general, so Caliban, his organic opposite, is likewise no mere individual, but also the representative of what is general, the personified idea of human wickedness; in

him, in his defiance and arrogance and his blind, coarse sensuality, the demoniacal meets the brutal.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half dæmon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakspeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapors. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

SCHLEGEL: *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

VI.

Ariel.

Shakespeare has made Ariel an Elemental Being of the higher order, identified with the upward-tending elements of Air and Fire, and with the higher nature of man; and he has made Caliban an Elemental Being of the lower order, identified with the downward-tending elements of Earth and Water, and the lower nature of man.

The identification is too detailed to be fanciful. The very name of Ariel is borrowed from air, and he is directly addressed: 'Thou, which art but air.' The identification with fire is not less complete: when describing the lightning Ariel does not say that he *set* the ship a-fire, but that the ship was 'all a-fire *with me*':—

> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
> *I* flamed amazement: sometime *I*'ld divide
> And burn in many places.

We can see in him just the qualities of air and fire. He is invisible, but, like the lightning, can take shape as he acts. Like air and fire he can penetrate everywhere, treading the ooze of the salt deep, running upon the sharp wings of the north, doing business in the veins of earth when it is baked with frost. His natural speech is music, or waves of air. His ideas are the ideas associated with the atmosphere—liberty and omnipresence: to be 'free as mountain winds,' to fly on the bat's back merrily, couch in the cowslip's bell, live under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Like the atmosphere he *reflects* human emotions without feeling them.

> *Ariel.* If you now behold them, your affections
> Would become tender.
> *Prospero.* Dost thou think so, spirit?
> *Ariel.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

The analogy extends to character. Even a character can be found for the atmosphere: in place of our motive and passion it substitutes *caprice*—'the wind bloweth where it listeth.' So Ariel is 'moody,' or full of moods: and one of the most difficult incidents of the play—the quarrel between Prospero and Ariel—takes coherency, if we see in it Prospero governing this incarnation of caprice *by outcapricing him*; there is an absence of moral seriousness throughout, and a curious irony, by which Prospero, under the guise of invective, is bringing out Ariel's brave endurance and delicate refinement, and in the form of threats gives his rebellious subject more than he had asked for. Finally, a single passage is sufficient to connect Ariel with the upward tendencies of human nature. We hear the reason of his cruel sufferings at the hands of Sycorax.

> For thou wast a spirit too delicate
> To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
> Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
> By help of her more potent ministers,
> And in her most unmitigable rage,
> Into a cloven pine.

Nothing could more clearly paint the instincts of light oppressed by the power of darkness until the deliverer comes.

MOULTON: *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist.*

VII.

Sebastian and Antonio.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science. . . . Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime,

that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Interpretations.

In power of pervading local realization, *The Tempest* is equal to any of Shakespeare's dramas—*Midsummer-Night's Dream, As You Like It,* that are most admirable for this poetic achievement. The storm, in the first scene on ship board, and the news from the ship tight and yare in the harbour, and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet, in the last, make the intermediate scenes to be rounded by circled waves; and throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the shingly beach, and to catch glimpses of the tranquil sea line in the offing. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites with floating airs; it is drowsy,

or breathes balm and refreshment; and murky with lightning, and heavy with dropping storm, around the ways of monster and fuddled mariner; while constant sunshine is round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. The masque of Ceres and Juno, with scenery and airy population of tilth and harvest, most beautifully relieves the scene of the bare and desert isle. . . . .

The Tempest may be studied with advantage, in comparison with two plays, united by extensively involving a fantastic mythology, but otherwise of most absolute antithesis, *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Macbeth. The Tempest,* despite the greater proximity of Ariel to Oberon than to Hecate, is quite as widely separated from the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* by the gravity of tone with which it is so largely pervaded, as it is from *Macbeth* by the specific distinctions of Tragedy and Comedy; while, as the story of a throne lost and regained, of traitorous kindred, abused confidence, requited usurpation, *The Tempest* is so replete with " arguments of state," and leads thought so deep and wide into the theory and responsibilities of government, and the conditions of civil society, that it seems in this aspect more cognate to *Macbeth* than to the *Midsummer-Night's Dream.* The supernatural scheme, with its lyrical expression, in each of the three plays, has an individuality and consistency that are themes of critical exposition inexhaustible—but, in truth, no less unnecessary, when to read the plays is to feel the spirit of their characteristics with a vividness no criticism within present reach is likely to enhance.

The Tempest takes its place among the finished plays of the poet, and, therefore, like its peers, is characterized by complete and harmonious proportion of parts, by every scene and every character being organically complete, animated with appropriate and sustained spirit and wrought to the same degree of correctness, and that the highest: and by the general result of realizing the perception, that the original germ, vigorous and healthy in its nature and excellent in power, has expanded without let

or distortion and by all favourable tending and under all consenting influences, to the utmost and most admirable perfection.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play, and you will see that I make no overstatement. *The Tempest,* a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

> " full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The personages comprise many types,—king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air, Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action, with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave " not a rack behind," or his stately abjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his tricksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel: " Come unto these yellow sands," " Full fathom five thy father lies," " Where the bee sucks, there suck I." Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakespeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece; and such a play as *The Tempest* shows the possibilities of inven-

tion and imagination in the most synthetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.

STEDMAN: *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.*

The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guesswork must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close. Even if this be thought too fanciful, nowhere has Shakespeare been more prodigal of every species of his enchantment. The exquisite but contrasted grace of Miranda and Ariel, the wonderful creation of Caliban, the varied human criticism in Gonzalo and the bad brothers, the farce-comedy of Stephano and Trinculo, do not more show the illimitable fancy and creative power of the master in scene and character than the passages, not so much scattered as showered over the whole play, show his absolute supremacy in poetry. Both in the blank verse and the lyrics, in the dialogue and the set *tirades*, in long contexts and short phrases alike, he shows himself absolute, with nothing out of reach of his faculty of expression and suggestion, with every resource of verbal music and intellectual demonstration at his command.

SAINTSBURY: *A Short History of English Literature.*

The Tempest.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } *presented by Spirits.*
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

The Tempest.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Ganzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these

roarers for the name of king. To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent

noisemaker. We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within:* 'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Mira. "If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them."

The Tempest. Act 1, Scene 2.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding 'Stay: not yet.'

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary, as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me; nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast: the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometimes I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit.
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,

When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokst me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwilingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. The watch dogs bark:
Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Bow-wow.
Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen: Ding-dong,

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightest call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this
swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more;
I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mir. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions

Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
Seb. As many vouched rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have

Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always used to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel (invisible) playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep,
for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I
find
They are inclined to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee;
and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—

For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son 's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He 's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,—
The man i' the moon 's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' Say this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience.

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Re-enter Ariel invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake!—Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That 's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground: and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.

Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*
[*Sings.*
The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort.
[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been

said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me.—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils:—O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak

well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which

the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young seamews from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master:—get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom!
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do it.

Mira. "If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile."

The Tempest. Act 3, Scene 1.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou

shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,

a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand farther off.
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em,
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. "Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

The Tempest. Act 3, Scene 2.

Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,

And I 'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are foundder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, 'come,' and 'go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;

Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,

Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. 'High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earthës increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid; no more!
Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?
Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.
Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,

Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter Ariel, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.
Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!

For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And mo diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her:—on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

'te. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. —Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

'rin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

'al. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me.

'eb. Ha, ha! What things are these, my lord Antonio? Will money buy 'em?

lnt. Very like; one of them Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

'ros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, His mother was a witch; and one so strong That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, And deal in her command, without her power. These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil— For he 's a bastard one—had plotted with them To take my life. Two of these fellows you Must know and own; this thing of darkness I Acknowledge mine.

'al. I shall be pinch'd to death.

llon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

'eb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

llon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

A Galleon of the Sixteenth Century.

Glossary.

A = on; II. i. 185.
Abuse, deceive; V. i. 112.
Achës (dissyllabic, pronounced "aitches," like the letter H); I. ii. 370.
Admire, wonder; V. i. 154.
Advance, raise, lift up; I. ii. 408.
Adventure, to risk; II. i. 187.
After, afterwards; II. ii. 10.
Again, again and again; I. ii. 390.
A-hold; "to lay a ship a-hold," *i.e.* "to bring a ship close to the wind so as to hold or keep her to it"; I. i. 49.
Amazement, anguish; I. ii. 14.
Amen, used probably in the sense of "again!" or perhaps merely with the force of "many"; others render it "hold, stop!" II. ii. 98.
An, if; II. i. 181.
Angle, corner; I. ii. 223.
Argier, Algiers; I. ii. 261.
As, as if; II. i. 121.
Aspersion, sprinkling of rain or dew (with an allusion perhaps to the ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water); IV. i. 18.
Attached, seized; III. iii. 5.
Avoid, begone; IV. i. 142.

Backward, distant, past; I. ii. 50.
Badges; "household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver 'badges' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved"; V. i. 267.
Barefoot (used adjectively); II. ii. 11.
Barnacles, barnacle geese; "it was formerly thought that the barnacle shell-fish, which is found on timber exposed

From the Harleian MSS., XIV. cent.

to the action of the sea, became when broken off a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees and thence, dropping into the sea, became geese" (*cf.* Sir John Maundevile's *Travels*); IV. i. 249.

Base, utter in a deep bass; III. iii. 99.

Bat-fowling, a term used for catching birds by night; thence the name of a thieves' trick for plundering shops about dusk by pretending to have lost a jewel near; II. i. 185.

Beak, bow (of a ship); I. ii. 196.

Bear up, i.e. take your course, sail up; III. ii. 3.

Bermoothes, i.e. Bermudas; "said and supposed to be inchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storme, and tempest," etc. Stow's Annals; I. ii. 229.

Berries, see Notes; I. ii. 334.

Blue-eyed, with blueness about the eyes, with livid eyelids; I. ii. 269.

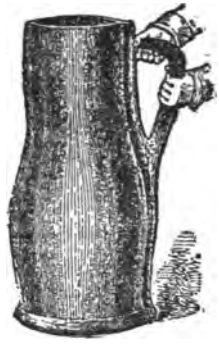
Boil'd (*ff.* '*boile,*' Pope's correction), frenzied; V. i. 60.

Bombard, "black jack" of leather; II. ii. 21. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bootless, profitless; I. ii. 35.

Bosky, wooded; IV. i. 81.

Bourn, boundary; II. i. 152.



From a specimen (no longer extant) at Flixton Hall, Suffolk.

Brave, fine; I. ii. 411.

Bring to try; "to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee side"; I. i. 35.

Broom-groves, rich copses of broom (*Spartium scoparium*); or perhaps woods overgrown with *genista,* pathless woods; IV. i. 66.

Budge, stir; V. i. 11.

Burthen, undersong; I. ii. 381.

But, except that; I. ii. 414; otherwise than, I. ii. 119.

By and by, immediately; III. ii. 156.

Can, is able to make; IV. i. 27.

Candied, converted into sugar, (?) congealed; II. i. 279 (*v.* Notes).

Capable, retentive; I. ii. 353.

Capering, jumping for joy; V. i. 238.

Carriage, burden; V. i. 3.

Case, condition; III. ii. 29.
Cast, to throw up; perhaps with a play upon "cast" in the sense of "to assign their parts to actors"; II. i. 251.
Cat (with reference to the old proverb that "good liquor will make a cat speak"); II. ii. 86.
Catch, a part-song; III. ii. 126.
Certes, certainly; III. iii. 30.
Chalked forth, i.e. chalked out; V. i. 203.
Cherubin, a cherub; I. ii. 152.
Chirurgeonly, like a surgeon; II. i. 140.
Clear, blameless; III. iii. 82.
Closeness, retirement; I. ii. 90.
Cloudy, gloomy; II. i. 142.
Cockerel, the young cock; II. i. 31.
Coil, turmoil; I. ii. 207.
Come by, to acquire; II. i. 292.
Confederates, conspires; I. ii. 111.
Constant, self-possessed; I. ii. 207; "my stomach is not c.," *i.e.* "is qualmish"; II. ii. 119.
Content, desire, will; II. i. 269.
Control, contradict; I. ii. 439.
Coragio, courage; V. i. 258.
Corollary, a supernumerary, a surplus; IV. i. 57.
Correspondent, responsive, obedient; I. ii. 298.
Courses, the largest lower sails of a ship; I. i. 52.
Crabs, crab-apples; II. ii. 171.
Crack, to burst (with reference to magic bands, or perhaps to the crucibles and alembics of magicians); V. i. 2.
Dear, zealous; I. ii. 179.
Dearest, most precious object; II. i. 135.
Deboshed, debauched; III. ii. 29.
Decked, sprinkled; I. ii. 155.
Deep, profound, wise; II. i. 266.
Deliver, relate; V. i. 313.
Demanded, asked; I. ii. 139.
Dew-lapped, having flesh hanging from the throat (a reference probably to victims of "goitre"), see "*wallets of flesh*"; III. iii. 45.
Dis, Pluto; IV. i. 89.
Discase, undress; V. i. 85.
Discharge, performance, execution; used probably as a technical term of the stage; II. i. 254.
Distempered, excited; IV. i. 145.
Distinctly, separately; I. ii. 200.
Ditty, words of a song; I. ii. 405.
Doit, the smallest piece of money; eighty doits went to a shilling; II. ii. 33.
Dollar, used quibblingly with "dolour"; II. i. 18.
Dowle, a fibre of down; III. iii. 65.
Drawn, having swords drawn; II. i. 308; having taken a good draught; II. ii. 150.
Dregs (with reference to the "liquor of the bombard," I. 21); II. ii. 42.
Drollery, puppet-show; III. iii. 21.
Dry, thirsty; I. ii. 112.

Dulness, stupor; I. ii. 185.

Earth'd, buried in the earth; II. i. 234.
Ebbing; "ebbing men," *i.e.* "men whose fortunes are declining"; II. i. 226.
Ecstasy, mental excitement, madness; III. iii. 108.
Endeavour, laborious effort; II. i. 160.
Engine, instrument of war, military machine; II. i. 161.
Entertainer, perhaps quibblingly interpreted by Gonzalo in the sense of "inn-keeper"; II. i. 17.
Envy, malice; I. ii. 258.
Estate, to grant as a possession; IV. i. 85.
Eye, tinge; II. i. 55.

Fall, to let fall; II. i. 296.
Fearful, timorous; I. ii. 468.
Feater, more becomingly; II. i. 273.
Featly, deftly; I. ii. 380.
Fellows, companions; II. i. 274.
Few; 'in few,' in few words, in short; I. ii. 144.
Fish, to catch at, to seek to obtain; II. i. 104.
Flat, low level ground; II. ii. 2.
Flat-long, as if struck with the side of a sword instead of its edge; II. i. 181.
Flesh-fly, a fly that feeds on flesh and deposits her eggs in it; III. i. 63.
Flote, flood, sea; I. ii. 234.
Foil, disadvantage; III. i. 46.
Foison, plenty; II. i. 163.
Founder'd, disabled by overriding, footsore; IV. i. 30.
Forth-rights, straight paths (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Fraughting, freighting; I. ii. 13.
Freshes, springs of fresh water; III. ii. 75.
Frippery, a place where old clothes are sold; IV. i. 225.

From a print dated 1587.

Frustrate, frustrated; III. iii. 10.

Gaberdine, a long coarse outer garment; II. ii. 40.
Gallows; cf. "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned"; I. i. 30.
Gave out, i.e. gave up; V. i. 213.
Gentle, high-born (and hence "high-spirited"); I. ii. 468.
Gilded, made drunk (an allusion to the *aurum potabile* of the alchemists); V. i. 280.
Gins, begins; III. iii. 106.

Glasses, hour-glasses, *i.e.* runnings of the hour-glass; I. ii. 240, V. i. 223 (*cp.* VI. i. 186, *'three glasses'* = *'three hours,'* though the seaman's *'glass'* was usually half an hour).
Glut, to swallow up; I. i. 60.
Grudge, murmur; I. ii. 249.

Heavy; "the heavy offer," i.e. the offer which brings drowsiness; II. i. 194.
Help, cure; II. ii. 97.
Hests, behests; I. ii. 274.
Hint, theme; I. ii. 134; occasion, cause; II. i. 3.
His, its; II. i. 120.
Hoist, hoisted (past tense of "hoise" or "hoist"); I. ii. 148.
Hollowly, insincerely; III. i. 70.
Home, to the utmost, effectively; V. i. 71.
Honeycomb, cells of honeycomb; I. ii. 329.

Ignorant, appertaining to ignorance; "i. fumes" = "fumes of ignorance"; V. i. 67.
Impertinent, irrelevant; I. ii. 138.
Inch-meal, inch by inch; II. ii. 3.
Infest, vex; V. i. 246.
Influence (used in its astrological sense); I. ii. 182.
Infused, endowed; I. ii. 154.
Inherit, take possession; II. ii. 179.
Inly, inwardly; V. i. 200.
Inquisition, enquiry; I. ii. 35.
Invert, change to the contrary; III. i. 70.

Jack; "played the Jack," *i.e.* the knave = "deceived"; IV. i. 198.
Jerkin, a kind of doublet; IV. i. 236.
Justify, prove; V. i. 128.

Key, tuning-key; I. ii. 83.
Kibe, heel-sore; II. i. 276.
Knot (folded arms); I. ii. 224.

Lakin, "Ladykin," or the Virgin Mary; III. iii. 1.
Land, laund, lawn; IV. i. 130.
Lass-lorn, forsaken by his lass; IV. i. 68.
Laughter, possibly used with a double meaning; "lafter" was perhaps the cant name of some small coin; still used provincially for the number of eggs laid by a hen at one time; II. i. 33.
Learning, teaching; I. ii. 366.
Lieu, "in lieu of," *i.e.* in consideration of; I. ii. 123.
Life; "good life," *i.e.* "life-like truthfulness"; III. iii. 86.
Like, similarly; III. iii. 66.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. i. 246.
Line, lime-tree (with punning reference to other meanings of "line" in subsequent portion of the scene); IV. i. 235; *cf.* Note; and "UNDER THE LINE."
Line-grove, lime-grove; V. i. 10.

Liver, regarded as the seat of passion; IV. i. 56.
Loathness, reluctance; II. i. 130.
Lorded, made a lord; I. ii. 97.
Lush, luscious, luxuriant; II. i. 52.
Lusty, vigorous; II. i. 52.

Maid, maid-servant; III. i. 84.
Main-course, the main sail; I. i. 35.
Make, to prove to be; II. i. 265.
Make a man, i.e. make a man's fortune; II. ii. 32.
Manage, government; I. ii. 70.
Marmoset, small monkey; II. ii. 174.
Massy, massive, heavy; III. iii. 67.
Matter, an important matter; II. i. 230.
Meanders, winding paths or (probably) circles (*cf.* Notes); III. iii. 3.
Measure, pass over; II. i. 259.
Meddle, to mingle; I. ii. 22.
Merchant, merchantman ("the master of some merchant"); II. i. 5.
Merely, absolutely; I. i. 55.
Mettle, disposition, ardour; II. i. 182.
Minion, favourite; IV. i. 98.
Miraculous; "the miraculous harp" of Amphion, the music of which razed the walls of Thebes; II. i. 86.
Miss, to do without; I. ii. 312; to fail in aiming at, not to hit; II. i. 40.
Mo, more; II. i. 133.
Momentary, instantaneous; I. ii. 202.
Moon-calf, abortion; II. ii. 111.
Mop, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Morsel, remnant, "a piece of a man" (contemptuously); II. i. 286.
Mount, raise; II. ii. 11.
Mow, grimace; IV. i. 47.
Mow, make grimaces; II. ii. 9.
Much; "to think it much," to reckon it as excessive, to grudge; I. ii. 252.
Mum, hush; III. ii. 59.
Muse, wonder at; III. iii. 36.

Natural, idiot; III. ii. 37.
Nature, natural affection; V. i. 76.
Neat, horned beast; II. ii. 73.
Nerves, sinews; I. ii. 484.
Nimble, excitable; II. i. 173.
Ninny, simpleton; III. ii. 71.
Nobody, an Elizabethan sign; probably a direct allusion to

From the title-page of the comedy of "*No-body and Some-body*, with the *true Chronicle Historie of Elidure*" (before 1600).

the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of *No-body and Some-body* (printed before 1600), or to the engraving on the old ballad, called the *Well-Spoken Nobody*; III. ii. 136.

Nook, bay; I. ii. 227.

Note, information; II. i. 248.

Nothing, nonsense; II. i. 170.

Observation, attention to detail; III. iii. 87.

Occasion, critical opportunity; II. i. 307.

Odd, out-of-the-way; I. ii. 223.

O'er, over again; "trebles thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee three times as great"; II. i. 221.

O'erprized, surpassed in value; I. ii. 92.

Of, as a consequence of; or = on, *i.e.* "of sleep" = "a-sleep"; V. i. 230.

Omit, neglect; I. ii. 183; II. i. 194.

On, of; I. ii. 87; IV. i. 157.

Ooze, bottom of the sea; I. ii. 252.

Or, ere; "or ere" (a reduplication); I. ii. 11.

Out, completely; I. ii. 41.

Overblown, blown over; II. ii. 114.

Overtopping, outrunning; I. ii. 81.

Owed, owned; III. i. 45.

Owes, owns; I. ii. 407.

Own; "no man was his o.," *i.e.* "master of himself, in his senses"; V. i. 213.

Painful, laborious; III. i. 1.

Pains, tasks; I. ii. 242.

Paphos, a city in Cyprus, one of the favourite seats of Venus; IV. i. 93.

Pass, thrust (a term of fencing), sally; IV. i. 244.

Passion, suffering, grief; I. ii. 392.

Passion, to feel pain or sorrow; V. i. 24.

Patch, fool, jester; III. ii. 71.

Pate; "pass of pate" = "sally of wit"; IV. i. 244.

Paunch, run through the paunch; III. ii. 98.

Pay, repay; "to pay home" = "to repay to the utmost"; V. i. 70.

Pertly, briskly; IV. i. 58.

Piece, "perfect specimen"; I. ii. 56.

Pied, motley-coated; III. ii. 71.

Pig-nuts, earth-nuts; II. ii. 172.

Pioned, (?) "overgrown with marsh-marigold" (still called "peony" in the neighbourhood of Stratford); IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Plantation, colonisation; interpreted by Antonio in the ordinary sense; II. i. 143.

Play, act the part of; "play the men," *i.e.* behave like men; I. i. 10.

Point, detail; "to point," in every detail; I. ii. 194.

Pole-clipt, with poles clipt, or embraced, by the vines; IV. i. 68.

Poor-John, a cant name for hake salted and dried; II. ii. 28.

Premises, conditions; I. ii. 123.
Presented, represented; IV. i. 167.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 125; IV. i. 42.
Princess' (Ff. princesse), princesses; I. ii. 173.
Profess, to make it one's business; II. i. 236.
Profit, to profit; I. ii. 172.
Provision, foresight; I. ii. 28.
Purchased, acquired, won; IV. i. 14.
Putter-out; "p. of five for one," one who invests, *puts out,* a sum of money before leaving home, on condition of receiving five times the amount on his return. *i.e.* "at the rate of five for one" (*cf.* "*put forth some five thousand pounds to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court at Constantinople*"; *E. Man out of His Humour,* II. i.); III. iii. 48.

Quaint, adroit, trim, excellent; I. ii. 317.
Quality, skill; I. ii. 193.
Quick, living, fresh; III. ii. 75.
Quickens, gives life to; III. i. 6.

Rabble, company, crowd (not used slightingly); IV. i. 37.
Race, breed; I. ii. 358.
Rack, floating cloud; IV. i. 156.
Rate, estimation; I. ii. 92; reckoning; II. i. 109.
Razorable, ready for shaving; II. i. 250.
Rear, raise; II. i. 295.
Reason, what is reasonable; III. ii. 128.
Reasonable; "reasonable shore," *i.e.* "shore of reason"; V. i. 81.
Recover, restore; II. ii. 71, 79, 97.
Reeling-ripe, "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling"; V. i. 279.
Release; "till your release" = till you release them; V. i. 11.
Remember, commemorate; I. ii. 405; remind; I. ii. 243.
Remembrance, the faculty of remembering; II. i. 232.
Remorse, pity; V. i. 76.
Requit, requited; III. iii. 71.
Resolve, explain to; V. i. 248.
Rid, destroy; I. ii. 364.
Room, sea-room; I. i. 8.
Rounded; "the whole round of life has its beginning and end in a sleep"; IV. i. 158.

Sack, a name applied to certain white wines of Spain; II. ii. 126.
Sanctimonious, holy; IV. i. 16.
Sans, without; I. ii. 97.
Scamels; folio reading, here changed to "seamews"; *cf.* Notes; II. ii. 176.
Scandal'd, scandalous; IV. i. 90.
Securing, guarding; II. i. 310.
Sedged, made of sedges; IV. i. 129.

Sense, feelings; II. i. 107.
Sensible, sensitive; II. i. 173.
Setebos, the god of Sycorax (said to be the chief god of the Patagonians); I. ii. 373; V. i. 261.
Sets off, i.e. shows to the best advantage; III. i. 2.
Several, separate; III. i. 42.
Shak'd, shook; II. i. 319.
Shroud, take shelter; II. ii. 42.
Siege, stool, excrement; II. ii. 110.
Single, (1) solitary, (2) feeble; I. ii. 432.
Skilless, ignorant; III. i. 53.
Sociable, companionable, being in close sympathy; V. i. 63.
Something, somewhat; I. ii. 414.
Sometime, sometimes; I. ii. 198.
Sore (used quibblingly); V. i. 288.
Sort; possibly a punning allusion to "sort" = "lot"; II. i. 104.
Sot, fool; III. ii. 101.
Soundly, thoroughly, smartly; II. ii. 81.
South-west; "a south-west," *i.e.* a south-west wind (charged with the noxious breath of the Gulf-Stream); I. ii. 323.
Speak, to proclaim; II. i. 8.
Sphere, orbit; II. i. 183.
Spoon; "long spoon," an allusion to old proverb that "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; II. ii. 103.
Spiriting, the service done by a sprite; I. ii. 298.
Spurs, spreading roots; V. i. 47.
Stain, to disfigure; I. ii. 414.
Standard, standard-bearer, ensign; III. ii. 18 (quibble on "standard" and "stander"); III. ii. 19.
Standing; "standing water," *i.e.* water neither ebbing nor flowing; II. i. 221.
Steaded, stood in good stead; I. ii. 165.
Still-closing, constantly closing again; III. iii. 64.
Still-vexed, ever troubled; I. ii. 229.
Stock-fish, dried cod; III. ii. 79.
Stomach, courage, I. ii. 157; appetite, inclination; II. i. 107.
Stover, fodder for cattle; IV. i. 63.
Strange, rare; III. iii. 87.
Strangely, wonderfully; IV. i. 7.
Study, to give thought and attention to, to wonder; II. i. 81.
Substitution, deputyship; I. ii. 103.
Subtilties; the word "subtility" was borrowed from the language of cookery, and denoted a device in pastry, hence "illusion"; V. i. 124.
Sudden, swift; II. i. 306.
Suffered, i.e. suffered death; II. ii. 38.
Suggestion, prompting, hint (*cf.* villainy); II. i. 288.

Sustaining, bearing (them) up; I. ii. 218.

Tabor and pipe, from Brit. Mus. MSS., Add. 12228.

Swabber, one who sweeps or swabs the deck of a ship; II. ii. 48.

Tabor, a small drum used for festivities; IV. i. 175.

Taborer, a player on a tabor; III. ii. 160.

Tackle, ropes; I. ii. 147.

Talking, saying; II. i. 96.

Tang, shrill sound; II. ii. 52.

Taste, experience; V. i. 123.

Teen, grief; I. ii. 64.

From the basement of a tomb in the Church of Folleville (Dept. of the Somme).

Tell, to count (the strokes of the clock); II. i. 15.

Temperance, temperature; Temperance, like Charity, used as a proper name; "*Temperance was a delicate wench*"; II. i. 42, 43.

Tender, to regard; II. i. 270.

Thatched, covered, strewn; IV. i. 6.

Third = thrid, thread; IV. i. 3.

Throe, to cause pain; II. i. 231.

Throughly, thoroughly; III. iii. 14.

Tilth, tillage; II. i. 152.

To, for, as; II. i. 75; in comparison with; II. i. 178.

Tend, attend; I. i. 6.

Trash, to check the speed of hounds when too forward; I. ii. 81.

Trebles; "tr. thee o'er," *i.e.* "makes thee thrice what thou art"; II. i. 221.

Trembling, the "*tremor*" which is represented to be a sign of being possessed by the devil; II. ii. 83.

Trencher (*first Folio,* trenchering, due to the previous words ining); II. ii. 187.

Trice; "on a tr.," i.e. "in an instant"; V. i. 238.

Tricksy, sportive; V. i. 226.

Trifle, phantom; V. i. 112.

Troll, run glibly over (perhaps "sing irregularly"); III. ii. 126.

Twilled, (?) covered with reeds or sedges; IV. i. 64 (*cf.* Note).

Twink, a twinkling; IV. i. 43.

Under the line; probably a term in tennis; "to strike (the ball) under the line" = "to lose the game"; IV. i. 236 (*cf.* Note and Line).

Undergoing, enduring; I. ii. 157.

Unicorn (with allusion to its proverbial ferocity); III. iii. 22.

MSS. Brit. Mus., Add. 11390.

Unstanched, incontinent; I. i. 48.

Up-staring, standing on end; I. ii. 213.

Urchins, hedgehogs, hobgoblins; I. ii. 326.

Urchin-shows, elfin apparitions; II. ii. 5.

Use, to be accustomed; II. i. 175.

Vanity, illusion; IV. i. 41.

Vast, silent void, or vacancy (of night); I. ii. 327.

Verily, true; II. i. 321.

Virgin-knot; alluding to the girdle worn by maidens in ancient times; IV. i. 15.

Visitation, affliction (as of a plague); III. i. 32.

Visitor, priestly visitant, "consolator"; II. i. 11.

Vouched, warranted; II. i. 60.

Waist, the part of a ship between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; I. ii. 197.

Wallets of flesh, alluding to the strange appearance of the goitre (*cf.* "*dew-lapped*").

A Tyrolese peasant with a goitre [(from a sketch by G. Herring) Knight].

Ward, attitude of defence; I. ii. 471.

Weather, storm; I. i. 37.

Weather-fends, defends from the weather; V. i. 10.

Weighed, considered, pondered; II. i. 130.

Wench (used as a term of endearment); I. ii. 139, 412.

Wezand, windpipe; III. ii. 99.

When (an exclamation of impatience); I. ii. 316.

While-ere, short time since; III. ii. 127.

Whist, hushed, silent; I. ii. 379.

Wicked, baneful; I. ii. 321.

Wide-chapped, opening the mouth wide; I. i. 56.

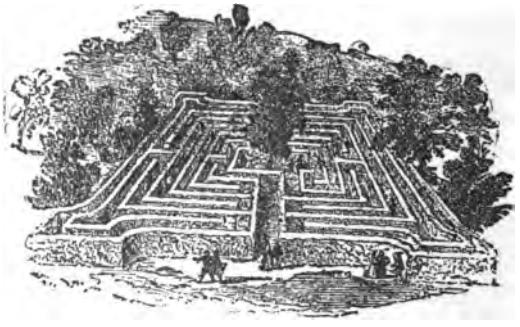
Windring (not found elsewhere) (?) "winding" or "wandering"; IV. i. 128.

Wink, the act of closing the eye, II. i. 285 (a short distance measured by a "wink"; II. i. 242).

Wink, to close the eyes; II. i. 216.
Wisest; "after the wisest," i.e. "in the wisest fashion"; II. ii. 77.
Woe, sorry; V. i. 139.
Works, affects; IV. i. 144.
Wound, twined about; II. ii. 13.
Wrangle, contend, quarrel; V. i. 174.
Wrong; "to do oneself wrong," *i.e.* "to be much mistaken"; I. ii. 443.

Yare, ready! I. i. 6; I. i. 34.
Yarely, alertly; I. i. 3.
Yond, there; I. ii. 409.
Your (= subjective genitive); V. i. 11.

Zenith, the highest point of one's fortune; I. ii. 181.



A Maze; *see* Note III. iii. 2.
Projected from an engraving in *The Country Housewife's Garden* (1617).

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 68. '*long heath, brown furze*'; so the folios; Hanmer's emendation has been generally accepted:—'ling, heath, broom, furze.'

I. ii. 24. '*my magic garment*'; the magician's mantle, circle, and book (*cp.* Act V.) are well illustrated by the following wood-cut:—

From the History of Doctor John Faustus (1664).

I. ii. 100. '*Who having into truth*'; 'into,' used in the sense of 'unto,' and so emended in most editions; the sentence though very involved is intelligible without any alteration; 'into truth' depends upon 'a sinner'; and 'it' refers vaguely to 'his own lie'; 'to credit' = 'as to credit.'

I. ii. 169. '*Now I arise*'; probably derived from astrology; 'now my star is in the ascendant'; it should be noted that the stage direction 'Resumes his mantle' is not in the Folios.

I. ii. 266. '*for one thing she did*'; Shakespeare does not tell us what he refers to here; perhaps he merely added the point in

order to account for her preservation, or the incident may have been mentioned in his original. I am, however, strongly inclined to suggest that there is no mystery about the passage; the 'one thing she did' probably anticipates 'hither brought with child'; for that reason alone her life was spared.

I. ii. 333. *'stroakst me and made,'* so Folios; Rowe, 'strokedst me and madest,' so Camb. Ed. and Mod. Edd. generally.

I. ii. 334. *'Water with berries in't;'* Mr. W. G. Gosling quotes the following striking parallel from Strachey's Narrative:—"They are full of shaws of goodly cedars . . . The berries whereof our men straining, and letting stand some three or four daies, made a kind of pleasant drink."

I. ii. 378, 379. *'kiss'd The wild waves whist'*; so the Folios; *i.e.* 'Kissed the wild waves into silence;' often printed with a comma after 'kissed.'

I. ii. 461. *'I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:'* specimens of this form of torture are preserved in the Tower of London. Knight gives the accompanying illustrative sketch.

II. i. 5. *'The masters of some merchant'*; *ie.* 'the owners of some merchantman'; Steevens suggested 'mistress' (old spelling 'maistres'); the Cambridge editors 'masters' (*i.e.* 'master's wife).

From the collection belonging to the late R. Bernal.

II. i. 12. *'he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike'*; watches that struck the hours were known as early as the commencement of the XVIth century; the striking portion of the accompanying specimen is an alarum which acts to any hour at option.

II. i. 27. *'which, of he or Adrian'*; 'he' for 'him,' used somewhat substantively, probably owing to the use of the word in the previous sentence, 'he will be talking.'

II. i. 35, 36. The Folios read: 'Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!* Ant. *So, you're paid.*' Theobald gives the whole line to Sebastian; and his reading is adopted by the Camb. Ed. Possibly a better emendation is the transposition of the prefixes to the speeches; the point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb 'let them laugh that win. Capell ingeniously suggested that the Folio reading should stand, with the slight change of 'you've paid' for 'you're paid.'

II. i. 127. *'who hath cause'*; the antecedent of 'who' is most probably 'she'; some make the relative refer to 'eye,' *i.e.* 'which hath cause to weep.'

II. i. 131. *' should bow'*; so Folios; seemingly unnecessary corrections have been made, *e.g.* 'she'd bow'; 'which end the beam should bow'; the omission of the pronoun 'it' or 'she' before 'should' can easily be paralleled in Shakespeare.

II. i. 243. *'But doubt discovery there'*; *i.e.* 'Cannot but doubt that anything can be discovered there.'

II. i. 250. *'she that from whom'*; the unnecessary 'that' is perhaps intentionally repeated, owing to the previous repetition of 'she that.'

II. i. 279. *'candied'*; generally explained as 'sugared over, and so insensible; congealed;' perhaps a better interpretation is 'made sweet as sugar,' as in the phrase 'the candied tongue.' Is Antonio possibly playing on 'candied' and 'candid' (a word not yet fully naturalized in the language, but probably familiar)?

II. ii. 28. *'A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,'* etc; an allusion to the popularity of exhibitions of strange monsters, to which there are many allusions in contemporary records. The accompanying drawing is from a print of the time of Charles I.

From Topsell's "*Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes, describing the true and lively figure of every Beast*," 1607.

II. ii. 67. '*This is some monster of the isle with four legs*'; Shakespeare's contemporaries were familiar with descriptions of strange four-footed creatures: perhaps Topsell's famous '*Historie*' was in Stephano's mind.

II. ii. 80. '*I will not take too much for him;*' *i.e.* 'I will take as much as I can possibly get.'

II. ii. 176. '*seamews*'; Fol. '*scamels,*' so Camb. Ed.: but the word is in all probability an error for 'seamells' or 'seamews,' referred to in Strachey and Jourdan's accounts of the Bermudas:—"a kind of web-footed fowle of the bignesse of a sea-mew" (Quoted by W. G. Gosling). Many emendations have been made; 'staniel' (a species of hawk) has been adopted by some editors; the word occurs probably in *Twelfth Night* (II. v. 124), though the editions read 'stallion.' Mr. Wright has, however, pointed out that, according to Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk," "the female 'Bar-tailed Godwit' is called a 'Scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney."

III. i. 15. '*Most busy least, when I do it*'; the first folio retained by Camb. Ed. "most busy lest, when I do it." Various readings have been suggested; Pope, 'least busy when I do it'; Theobald, 'most busie-less when I do it'; Holt, 'most busiest, when I do it'; Spedding, 'most busiest when idlest,' etc., etc. It seems likely that the reading of the second, third, and fourth folios throws light on the real meaning of the line:—'most busy least, when I do it'; *i.e.* 'most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work.' A comma after 'busy' instead of after 'least' would simplify this reading, but it is possible to understand it as punctuated in the folios; Shakespeare probably wished to make the superlatives as antithetical as possible; perhaps we should read 'labour' for 'labours.'

III. iii. 2. '*here's a maze trod, indeed, Through forth-rights and meanders*'; *i.e.* prob. 'through straight lines and circles, one of the most usual forms of the maze,' according to Halliwell, who gives the engraving of one, from a collection in the *Maison Rus-*

tique, or the Country Farme, 4to, Lond. 1606. According to other commentators, 'meanders' = meandering paths, without absolutely reference to 'circles.' (See engraving at the end of Glossary.)

III. iii. 39. *'Praise in departing'*; a proverbial expression: "stay your praises till you see how your entertainment will end."

III. iii. 52. *'Ariel, like a harpy'*; probably suggested by the harpy-episode in the Third Book of *Æneid.*

IV. i. 60. *'fetches,'* so Ff. an archaic and provincial form; Camb. Ed. *'vetches.'*

IV. i. 64. *'pioned and twilled'*; various emendations have been suggested for these difficult words of the folio:—'peonied and lilied,' 'tullip'd,' 'tilled,' etc. It is noted that 'piony' is an old spelling of 'peony,' and that the flower was formerly spoken of as 'the mayden piony' and 'virgin peonie.' In all probability the meaning of the words has not yet been discovered; they are evidently technical terms of horticulture. (*Cp.* Glossary.)

A harpy carrying away a lady, from a bas-relief on an ancient tomb preserved in the British Museum.

IV. i. 110. Mr. Wright suggests that *'earths'* should be read as a dissyllable, *'earthes'*; this suggestion has been adopted in the present text; the second, third, and fourth folios read *'and'* before 'foison.'

IV. i. 123. *'So rare a wondcr'd father and a wise'*; some few copies of the first folio are said to read *'wife'* (a reading independently suggested by Rowe): the harsh change has little to commend itself.

IV. i. 147, etc. In *The Tragedy of Darius,* by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, published in the year 1603, occurs the following passage, which, according to Steevens, may have been the original of Shakespeare's Speech:—

"Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt:
Not scepters, no but reeds, soone bruis'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leaues behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire:
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountering walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

IV. i. 193. The folios read '*hang on them.*'

IV. i. 221. '*O King Stephano; O peer!*' an illusion to the old song, often referred to in Elizabethan literature, "Take thy old cloak about thee":—

> "King Stephen was a worthy peere,
> His breeches cost him but a crowne,
> He held them sixpence all to deere;
> Therefore he called the taylor Lowne."

The ballad is printed in Percy's *Reliques;* Shakespeare quotes it also in *Othello,* II. iii. 92.

IV. i. 231. '*Let's alone*'; some verb of motion must be understood, *i.e.* 'let us go alone' (leaving Trinculo behind); '*alone*' is possibly an error of the folios for '*along,*' as suggested by Theobald.

IV. i. 237. "An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair."—STEEVENS.

IV. i. 264. '*lies*' (probably correctly, the verb preceding the plural noun), so Ff.; Camb. Ed. '*lie.*'

V. i. 23, 24. The first and second folios place a comma after '*sharply,*' making '*passion*' a verb; the comma is omitted in the third and fourth folios.

V. i. 39. '*mushrumps*' (the old form of the word), so Ff.; Camb. and Mod. Edd. '*mushrooms.*'

V. i. 309. '*beloved,*' trisyllabic; Ff. '*belov'd.*'

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*On a ship at sea*] Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the keynote to the whole harmony. . . . It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural—(the distinction to which I have so often alluded)—and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow."

10. Act with spirit, behave like men. So 1 *Henry VI.*, I. vi. 16: "When they shall hear how we have play'd the men."

34. Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

35. *Bring her to try with main-course*:—This was apparently a common nautical phrase, meaning to keep as close to the wind as possible. Thus, in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all that day *with our maine course*." Smith also has the phrase in his *Sea Grammar*, 1627.

48. *unstanched*:—In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Chi-

lias says to the Priestess: "Be quiet, and be *stanch* too; no *inundations.*"

49. *set her two courses*:—Captain Glascock, a nautical critic, says: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses." Holt says: "The courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, so called because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." *To lay a ship a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

70. Lord Mulgrave declares that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: . . . the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do."

Scene II.

19. *more better*:—The doubling of comparatives is frequent among writers of Shakespeare's time.

25. *Lie there, my art*:—"Lord Burleigh," says Fuller (*Holy State*, iv. 6), "when he put off his gown at night, used to say, 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer.'"

50. *abysm*:—An old form of *abyss*; from the old French *abisme.*

81. *To trash for over-topping*:—To check the overgrowth. A hunting-term which meant to check or hamper a dog so that he would not *overtop* or outrun the pack. A *trash* was a halter fastened to a dog's neck and dragging on the ground. "*Who*

to trash" accords with the grammatical usage of Shakespeare's day.

92. *O'er-prized all popular rate*:—The meaning seems to be, "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties"; as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the state a prey to violence and usurpation.

97. *sans bound*:—Without limit. "A general combination," says Nares, "seems to have subsisted, among all our poets, to introduce this French word, certainly very convenient for their verse, into the English language; but in vain; the country never received it, and it has always appeared as an exotic, even though the elder poets Anglicized its form into *saunce*, or gave it the English pronunciation." In *As You Like It* (II. vii. 166) *sans* occurs four times in a single line.

155. *deck'd*:—Some good editors think this should be *degg'd*, a provincial word, as explained in Carr's *Glossary*, and in several others, for *sprinkle*. Dyce regards *deck'd* as a form, perhaps a corruption, of *degg'd*—a word still used in the north of England for *to sprinkle*. This sense is so much better than either of the others, that we cannot help thinking it the right one.

190-192. *To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly*, etc.:—Fletcher's imitation of this passage in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, is thus quoted by Henley:—

> "Tell me, sweetest,
> What new service now is meetest
> For the satyre; shall I stray
> In the middle ayre, and stay
> The sailing rack, or nimbly take
> Hold by the moone, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queene of night,
> For a beame to give thee light?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves," etc.

194. *to point*:—To the minutest detail; exactly; like the French *à point*.

200. *distinctly*:—That is separately, in different places at once. To quote from the account of Robert Tomson's voyage, 1555: "This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top; and sometimes it would

be in two or three places at once." This is a description of the electrical phenomenon known as "Saint Elmo's fire"—"a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards call the *corpos sancto*. Shakespeare may have been thinking of this.

209. *fever of the mad*:—Such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

229. "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Henley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." It was then the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by monsters and devils.

326. *urchins*:—Fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins*; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

327. *that vast of night*:—So in *Hamlet*, I. ii. 198: "In the dead *vast* and middle of the night"; meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love, or sport, or mischief.

370. As *ache* used to be pronounced like the letter *h*, the plural *aches*, was a dissyllable, as it is here required to be by the measure. Of this there are many examples in the old writers. A clamour was raised among the critics against John Kemble for pronouncing the word thus on the stage. See, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. vii. 7, 8: "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H."

373. *Setebos*:—The name of an American god, or rather devil, worshiped by the Patagonians. In Eden's *History of Travaile*, 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshipers, wherein the author says: "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them." White mentions this allusion as "another evidence that Shakespeare had been reading books of American discovery before he wrote this play."

378, 379. *kiss'd The wild waves whist*:—That is, kissed or soothed the raging waves into silence or stillness. This is a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost, as the passage is

usually printed; the line, *The wild waves whist*, being made parenthetical, and that too without any authority from the original.

427. *maid*:—Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess; he now asks if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question.

443. *done yourself some wrong*:—Done wrong to your character, in claiming to be King of Naples.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

55. *an eye of green*:—A *tinge* or shade of green. So in Sandy's *Travels*: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green"; and Bayle says, "Red with an *eye* of blue."

87. *the miraculous harp*:—An allusion to the myth of Amphion, King of Thebes, a great musician, to whom the god Mercury gave a lyre, wherewith the King charmed the stones and thus made them take their places in the walls of the city. To the building of the walls by the power of music, Wordsworth has this reference:—

> "The gift to King Amphion,
> That wall'd a city with its melody."

126, 127. *your eye, Who*:—The meaning of this will probably appear if *who* be understood as referring to *eye*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately of persons and things.

143. *Had I plantation of this isle*:—That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay *Of Plantations*. Some editors, even of a recent day, have so misunderstood this expression as to give, "Had I *a* plantation," etc.; and in the French translation the word is rendered *defricher*, a purely agricultural term, meaning, to clear, to bring under cultivation. Tieck and Schlegel correctly give **pflanzung**, which corresponds exactly to the word of the original in both its significations.

> "for no kind of traffic
> Would I admit; no name of magistrate."

This passage is plainly taken from Montaigne's Essays, in which (Book I. Chap. xxx., *Of the Caniballes*), according to Florio's translation, published in 1603, this passage occurs:—

"It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath *no kinde of traffike*, no *knowledge of Letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of politike, superioritie; no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kinred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; *no use of wine, corn, or mettle.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them."

Capell first pointed out the likeness of the two passages. Shakespeare might have read the Essay in the original, but the identity of phrase in the play and the translation indicate the latter as the source of Gonzalo's policy.

266. *A chough*:—A bird of the jackdaw kind.

Scene II.

9. To *mow* is to *make mouths*:—So in Nash's *Pierce Penniless*: "Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made mops and *mows* at him."

12. *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles.*

31. *make a man*:—Make a man's fortune; set a man up. Thus in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. ii. 17, 18: "If our sport had gone forward, we had all been *made men.*" Also in *Othello*, I. ii. 51: "If it prove lawful prize, he's *made* forever." "We are all *made men*"; and in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*: "She's a wench was born to *make us all.*"

40. A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

80. *I will not take too much for him*:—A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, "I'll take as much as I can get."

86. *will give language to you, cat*:—Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink"; "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*"; and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon.*"

115. *moon-calf*:—An imaginary monster, supposed to be pro-

duced by lunar influence. In Holland's *Pliny* it is described as "a lump of flesh without shape, without life."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

2. The delight those painful sports give us offsets the labour they call for. So in Macbeth, II. iii. 54: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

72. *what else*:—Whatsoever else.

91. A thousand thousand farewells.

Scene II.

69. *pied ninny*:—Alluding to Trinculo's motley dress; he was a professional fool or jester. See use of *patch* in *Merchant of Venice*, II. v. 46, to the same effect.

133, 134. *the picture of Nobody*:—A common sign, which consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a woodcut prefixed to an old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, which represented this personage.

158. *this taborer*:—"You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus*, 1579. To some of these Milton also alludes in *Comus*:—

> "Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
> And aery tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Scene III.

1. *By 'r lakin* is a contraction of *by our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our Lady*.

21. Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. *A living drollery* is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

23. *one tree, the phœnix' throne*, etc.:—Shakespeare and others

of the old poets frequently refer to the phœnix. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History* is this passage: "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix . . . for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again." And Lyly, in his *Euphues*, says: "As there is but one phœnix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth."

86, 87. *with good life And observation strange*:—Johnson says: "*With good life* may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters,' *with observation strange* 'of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the life.'" To Hudson the explanation seems to be: "With all the truth of life itself, and with rare observance of the proprieties of action."

105. *Like poison*, etc.:—The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

108. Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit, or madness. In Shakespeare, as Nares observes, *ecstasy* "stands for every species of" such mental affection, "whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

15. *virgin-knot*:—An allusion to the zone or sacred girdle worn by maidens in classical times as the symbol and safeguard of chastity before marriage. This girdle was untied by the husband at the wedding.

64. *pioned and twilled brims*:—Dr. Johnson gives piony as another form for *peony*. Milton, whose poetical language is so much allied to Shakespeare's as often to afford a good comment upon him, has in his *Arcades* the line, "By sandy Ladon's lilied banks"; which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled* in a verse of *The Tempest*"; and he adds, "*lilied* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." White and Rolfe prefer *lilied*; Hudson (Harvard ed.) has *peoned and twilled*. The Cambridge editors, following

the old text, are supported, in respect to their interpretation of *twilled* ("covered with reeds or sedges") by a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872, quoted by Hudson: "*Twills* is given by Halliwell as an old provincial word for *reeds*; and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet."

81. *Bosky acres* are *woody* fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses.

119. *Harmonious charmingly* is charmingly harmonious.

123. *So rare a wonder'd father,* etc.:—A father able to produce such wonders.

130. *crisp channels*:—*Crisp* means *curled* from the curl made by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 *King Henry IV.*, I. iii. 106, it is that the river Severn "hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

155. *faded*:—From the Latin *vado*: it means *vanished.*

156. *rack*:—According to Bacon, in his *Silva Silvarum*, this word was used of the highest and therefore thinnest or lightest clouds: "The winds in the upper regions (which move the *clouds* above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.

166. *to meet with*:—This was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose.* So in Herbert's *Country Parson*: "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

187. *stale*:—In the art of fowling, this term signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

262. *Pard* was a common term for leopard, and likewise for *panther. Cat o' mountain* probably means *wildcat.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

33. *Ye elves,* etc.:—This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (book vii.). The expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Gold-

ing. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own. The following passages are interesting for comparison:—

"Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,
Through help of whom (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run clean backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again;
By charmes *I raise and lay the windes,* and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw;
Whole woodes and forrests I remoue, *I make the mountains shake,*
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone;
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, and *darks the sun at noone.*
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set,*
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet."

37. *green sour ringlets*:—Circles on the grass formerly supposed to have been made by elves dancing in a ring by night; "fairy rings"; now explained as circular growths of fungi in the fields.

41. *Weak masters*:—The usual explanation is, weak if left to themselves, because wasting their power, but strong as auxiliaries, or when wisely guided to good ends. Jephson, however, interprets in a different manner, by some preferred. He says that "*masters* is only used ironically, as a term of slight contempt." Others think that the "irony" is not contemptuous, but "affectionate."

60. *boil'd*:—That is, *boiling, seething.* So in *The Winter's Tale,* III. iii. 64, 65: "these *boiled* brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty." Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* V. i. 4: "Lov-

ers and madmen have such *seething* brains." See also *Twelfth Night,* II. v. 3.

91, 92. Ariel uses "the bat's back" as his vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms. This appears the most natural as well as the most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history?

124. *subtilties*:—Quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed.

145. *As great to me as late*:—As great as it is recent. Some have, "As great to me, as late," and explain: "As great to me, *and* as recent."

244. *conduct*:—Conductor or guide. Frequently so in Shakespeare.

246. *beating on*:—There is a similar expression now in use: "Still *hammering* at it."

269-271. *one so strong . . . power*:—Hudson explains, one "who could outdo the Moon in exercising the Moon's own command." *Without her power* is *beyond,* etc. So often.

EPILOGUE.

9, 10. *release me . . . hands*:—That is, by the clapping of your hands. Noise was supposed to dissolve spells or enchantments. Thus before in this play—IV. i. 126, 127: "hush, and be mute, or else our *spell is marr'd.*" Students of the English Drama are familiar with the fact that its Prologues and Epilogues are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays. Shakespeare's is no exception to this general rule, and it is White's opinion that this Epilogue, although appearing in the Folio, was certainly not written by the author of *The Tempest.* It is enough only to note the poor and commonplace thoughts and the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian rhythm. It now seems plain to nearly all Shakespearians that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare. As Hudson remarks, "The whole texture and grain of the thing are altogether unlike him." Other Epilogues which appear not to have been written by Shakespeare are that to *2 Henry IV.* and that to *Henry VIII.*

Questions on The Tempest.

1. Where did the plot of *The Tempest* originate? Where did Shakespeare probably find materials?

ACT FIRST.

2. Where is the scene of the drama laid?

3. What has been said of the seamanship displayed in Sc. i.? If it was without defect, to what are we to attribute the shipwreck?

4. With what petition does Miranda first appear? What fears fill her mind? What sense of pity?

5. What reassurance does she get from Prospero? What hint do we derive as to the intent of the play?

6. What foreshadowing is there in the statement that the long-delayed revelations Prospero should make to Miranda were demanded by the very minute?

7. Give in outline the story of Prospero's misfortunes which he recounts to Miranda. How differently does the influence of a woman show in *The Tempest* and in *Hamlet*?

8. What quality has Miranda that Prospero lacks? What quality has Prospero that is lacking in Miranda?

9. What reason does Prospero give for raising the storm? What justification of his reason? What parallelism do you find in *Hamlet*?

10. What is the agency that Prospero employs to work enchantment? What is enchantment? What does Ariel report of his doings with the ship and mariners?

11. In what material forms does Ariel appear? What was the history of Ariel previous to Prospero's advent upon the island? With what injunction is he dismissed from the first interview?

12. Who was Sycorax? Caliban? How is Caliban described?

13. What traits does Caliban display? Has knowledge been a benefit to him? Does Prospero seem unnecessarily harsh to him?

14. How is Ferdinand introduced? What is Miranda's first impression of him?

15. What is Ferdinand's impression of Miranda and of Prospero?

16. What precipitate action does Prospero wish to forestall? What is his reason for so wishing?

17. Does Prospero's power of enchantment extend over other than physical nature?

18. What is to be the episode of this play? What its enveloping atmosphere?

19. State the human emotions that will play a part.

ACT SECOND.

20. Who are the members of the King's train? What traits similar to Polonius does Gonzalo possess?

21. What spirit seems to animate this group? Which of them have the more biting wit?

22. What manifestations of Prospero's power do this group first observe?

23. What backward glance over events is given that is necessary to account for the presence of the shipwrecked party on the island?

24. What attitude does Sebastian show towards the griefs of Alonso? Is there here any foreshadowing of future events?

25. What were the nature and source of the ideal commonwealth that Gonzalo describes? Does Shakespeare introduce this passage as a satire on current ideas of his era? May it be said to have a purpose in harmony with the imaginative character of the play?

26. Is there any reason to believe that Prospero abstained from exercising his power of enchantment over Sebastian and Antonio?

27. Do you think it is at Prospero's suggestion that the two men plot? What does Ariel's speech on re-entrance imply?

28. What moral quality does imagination overcome in this plotting?

29. How are the purposes of Antonio and Sebastian thwarted?

30. What quality of mind does Caliban display in his speech recounting his sufferings? From the dramatist's view-point is there any spirit of caricature here?

31. What are some of Trinculo's satirical comments on Caliban? Are they capable of wider application?

32. Why does Caliban fear torment from Trinculo and Stephano? What character of mind does he display in his quick change from fear to worship?

33. What types are brought in vivid contrast in Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano? Who shows to highest advantage? Why does Caliban speak in blank verse and the others in prose?

34. Could Caliban ever be otherwise than under subjection to some one? What is the freedom he praises contrasted with that Ariel desires? What is the satirical import of this scene?

ACT THIRD.

35. What purpose had Prospero in giving the laborious work to Ferdinand?

36. How does Miranda show her sympathetic nature? What does it bring out in Ferdinand?

37. Interpret lines 31, 32: *Poor worm, thou art infected! This visitation shows it.* Is Prospero's love for his daughter or for his art paramount here?

38. Is Miranda less charming for being so purely feminine? Is it not the temptation of most novelists in picturing a woman, educated in ignorance of other women, to make them sexless creations?

39. Compare this scene with the balcony scene of *Romeo and Juliet.* Show how one is idyllic and the other romantic.

40. What satirical foreshowing of the plot to kill Prospero does Trinculo utter in the beginning of Sc. ii.? Who proposes the plot?

41. Why does Ariel try to instigate quarrels among the plotters?

42. What does Caliban say about Prospero's books? About Miranda? Are his perceptions of the worth of books and of women consonant with his brutish nature? Would he use them to improve himself or degrade them to exalt himself?

43. To which of the party does the weariness still cling as shown by Sc. iii.?

44. What is the effect of the apparition on Sebastian and Antonio? Which are the three addressed by Ariel?

45. Prospero has accomplished his end of bringing his enemies into his power; does this mark the climax of the drama?

46. How does the charm affect each?

47. Summarize Act III. and show how imagination triumphs over all other powers.

ACT FOURTH.

48. How does Prospero release Ferdinand from bondage?

49. Is Ariel possessed of moral qualities?

50. What part of the pageant is foreshadowed in the repeated warning of Prospero (line 50)?

51. What does the pageant celebrate? What classical figures take part? Over what part of nature does each exercise a function?

52. What interruption does the pageant suffer? How does Prospero moralize when he has dissolved it?

53. What feeling is uppermost in his mind over the facts that have caused the sudden dissolution of the play?

54. What has happened to Caliban and his fellow plotters since we saw them last?

55. Of whom does Prospero speak, line 188 *et seq.*? How is he affected by the failure of his efforts "humanely taken"?

56. What is the bait laid out to catch the plotters? How does Caliban show superior mentality in this crisis?

57. What agencies does Prospero employ to punish them? How does this contrast with the punishment laid on the King's train? What is the symbolical purport of these punishments?

58. Show how this Act is an exponent of poetic justice.

ACT FIFTH.

59. Does Prospero feel exaltation through the success of his charms? Why should Ariel have to suggest to him the need of human qualities?

60. To what state does Prospero say that his charms are designed to bring the sinners?

61. Why does Prospero feel even *so potent art* as he possesses insufficient for himself, so that he will break his staff and bury his book?

62. Does Prospero's forgiveness come before any show of penitence on the part of the sinners?

63. What detachment from human interests does Ariel show at the supreme moral moment in the lives of the sinners?

64. What state of mind does Gonzalo show on being released from the spell?

65. What special forgiveness does Prospero extend to Sebastian and Antonio?

66. How is the current of action turned to coincide with the love story of the play?

67. What is the significance of the game of chess?

68. Of what nature is Miranda's impression of the world? Show how Miranda's view of mankind is completed by Hamlet's *What a piece of work is man,* etc.

69. How does the reasoning of Gonzalo, 206 *et seq.,* resemble Polonius?

70. What quality at variance with the general tenor of the play does the Boatswain's tale introduce? What dramatic effect is hereby produced?

71. How does Alonso attempt a solution of the mysteries presented? How does Prospero reassure him? How does Alonso typify the untutored mind?

72. What humorous topsy-turvy does Stephano show? Compare Caliban's exclamation on seeing the King's party with Miranda's. Is Caliban's admiration unalloyed?

73. What have Sebastian and Antonio said after being brought out of the spell? What profound observation of human nature has Shakespeare shown in depicting the different states of mind of the King's party after they have met with deliverance by an overruling Providence?

74. What is Caliban's departing reflection?

75. Why does Ariel say nothing as he is dismissed?

76. What graceful compliment does Prospero make to the audience in the Epilogue?

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77. How do you reconcile Prospero's ascendancy in the play with his weakness as administrator of his dukedom? Has he gained perfect mastery of himself? Mention two instances where his old habit nearly caused grave disasters.

78. Contrast the motives that actuate Caliban, Ariel, and Ferdinand in their labors for Prospero? Is there pleasure in work itself to any of them?

79. As a father, compare and contrast Prospero with Lear, Shylock, Frederick (*As You Like It*).

80. May Miranda be called a character? Of what moral qualities is she sensible?

81. How is the disparity of female characters in the play partially supplemented by suggestion?

82. How does Ferdinand compare with Romeo, Florizel, Lucio?

83. Summarize the elements that go to make up Caliban. What had been Prospero's relation to him? What changes had this relation made in him? Was the possession of the island left to Caliban?

84. What elements compose Ariel? What sympathy does nature show for him?

85. What is the function of music in this play?

86. In the various stages of the action, what use is made of the dramatic element of contrast?

87. If Providence has for its function the exercise of mercy and judgement, show how Providence through the agency of enchantment is the ruling motif of this play.

88. What saves the play from anti-climax after Prospero renounces enchantment?

89. What supreme flights of poetry does this play contain?

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